Antoniette Jackson

not corrected

Words 2000.

WOMEN OF RUMANIA LACKING INTEREST IN BALLOT BOX

Woman suffrage isn't even a topic in Rumania. Broach it, as the modern-minded visitor from any of the countries where a woman functions as a person as well as a female, is inclined to do, and you meet: First, a smile that is half discouragement, half cynicism, and a shrug of the shoulders that conveys the information that "there's nithing doing"; second, an admission that this Rumanian you are blithely corssexamining on what you believe to be a live local topic knows nothing about it; and last, you learn that he cares less.

AMERICAN WOMAN'S VIEW OF SITUATION

Here is what my friend, a thoroughly cosmopolitan American woman, of wide interests and broad views had to say about that most difficult and delicate of modern problems in Rumania.

"Why" she said, drawing in a long breath, like a swimmer who has come up for air," when I got a glimmer - even just a glimmer, for these things naturally are so intimate and so hidden that the outsider can glide over their surface without even suspecting they are there - of the status of the Rumanian woman in the home, as a wife, and of the attitude of the Rumanian men to their women, I felt as though I had dropped through a hole in the floor of my own time and fallen down and down into the depths of a medieval, a patriarchial, a slave and master past, so different, so lacking in equality and mutual responsibility are the relations

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established in the Rumanian marriage from those that make our own domestic partnership. Well! My friend is right.

HUSBAND IMPOSES AND WIFE ACCEPTS

"Don't misunderstand me, I don't mean that you find cruelty and absence of affection, and unhappiness. It is the point of view of husband and wife - the point of view that the husband imposes and the wife accepts, according to the customs of the country.

MARRIAGE IN RUMANIA WOMAN'S MAIN CAREER

As long as marriage is woman's main career - or, as in the past it has been in Rumania, her only career - she is going to concentrate on getting a husband much more intensely than on getting the vote, and if she must get a husband by being pleasing to him, not only with the lure of beauty bestowed by nature, but with the subtler and more potent charm of ingratiating and beguiling subserviency (so flattering to the naive vanity of the male), why then, of course, she will do her artfullest best to be pleasing to him.

If pleasing him includes an utter indifference to everything going on outside the circle made by twining their arms around each other, a complete willingness to accept his word and his point of view for everything (at least until the honeymoon is over), she makes a point of so pleasing him; for whether or not of the same mind in her inmost consciousness, the business of getting a husband is kept well before her by her family and her own regard for her future.

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Oftener than not the heart is as deeply concerned in the business as in interest in the future; for the majority of christian Rumania marriages are love matches, and with practically no divorce in Rumania - this success in getting a husband means getting a life job.

The job isn't without its tribulations. The wind of the world-wide commotion for women's rights has blown its discontent into Rumania and caused the old standpatters to loosen their hold a little on the affairs of the wife. Time was, when though the dot was a provision from her own family, she couldn't spend it without permission of her husband. If he disapproved of her extravagence, or just wanted to discipline her, he could countermand her orders to her dressmaker or milliner, or any little thing like that. Now it has been conceded to her that the income from the dot is hers, and she may spend it as she pleases; but, of course, the principal, being as it is a provision for the care and inheritance of the children (a wise Old World way of maintaining family position), cannot be touched. So now, instead of bullying his wife out of her pin money, husband has to wheedle.

Other little concessions have been made toward women's independence. The widow, for example doesn't fall into the status of a minor whose business affairs and person are under the guardianship of the males of the family. She becomes head of her family and controller of her share of the estate - if there is any.

DISCUSS AMERICAN MANIA FOR DIVORCE

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regard as the American mania for divorce; but toward their extensive illicit relations, many of which are due to the absence of divorce, they accord an indulgence ~~at once~~ rational and a little cynical. The parties thereto engage in them at their own risk - especially on the feminine side. Charges of breach of promise and betrayal do not figure emotionally and sensationally in the courts, and salacious scandals are not aired in legal efforts to establish the paternity of illegitimate children, simply because the Rumanian point of view is that both the man and the woman entering voluntarily into such relations are responsible; and the relations being illicit it is illogical to seek legal redress. Hence the preponderance of "crimes of passion" by which the violently emotional Rumanian temperament settles such affairs out of court.

RUMANIA ESSENTIALLY A MAN'S COUNTRY

The absence of divorce - Rumania being essentially a man's country - presses heavily on the disillusioned or abused or unhappy wife, partly because women, especially of the better classes, have as yet won very little in the way of economic independence, and it is rather risky for them to quarrel with their bread and butter. The husband can do very much as he pleases - and usually does. His "steps aside at Gay street" she often must force herself to condone and try to forget under the combined pressure of her family and his, her obligation to the children, and the helplessness that chains her to bed and board.

Let the wife make steps aside however, and he can destroy her with a breath or a gesture. He can rather ignominiously play safe by having her

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and her secret lover arrested and exposed, thus making an outcast of her and doling out a sordid punishment to the man; or he can make a more dramatic flourish by surprising and killing - or going through the motions of attempting to kill - one or both whichever he does it is the finish of security and happiness for the wife if she must remain in Rumania.

HAPPY MARRIAGES THERE ARE IN PLENTY

Here there are all the ills of matrimony that make it a precious adventure elsewhere, and none of the reliefs. Happy marriages there are in plenty, and much comforting compensating domesticity; the middle, lower classes having, perhaps, the advantage because of their freer choice in marriage. The great families and great fortunes that are united for further aggrandisement take their own chances with open eyes. Where love does not enter into their marriages they are capable of enduring the tragedy of the triangular domestic complication or facing the comedy of tacitly accepted quadrangular arrangements with all the composure, stoicism, and sophistication of their class.

Strange asit may seem, and incomprehensible, contrary to those highest natural impulses that are sometimes called divine--those impulses and and the code that our young social revolutionists are living up to, much to the worry and confusion of their old-school fathers and mothers-these aristocratic victims of marriages of convenience nevertheless fulfill their duty to their class by providing legitimate heirs to their great names and fortunes even while their affections are centered and their happiness is found elsewhere.

Yet - happy marriages there are in plenty. Perhaps one reason is that the Rumanizn man and woman are in accord - or, at any rate, maintain their conduct the illusion that they are in accord - on these points. That the male is the master and the female is the property of the male; and they demonstrate this belief in a literal and practical way. The characteristic Rumanian jealousy pivots on the Rumanian husband's or lover's sense of possession; and it is not always love that excites jealousy. He guards a possession against the covetous because it belongs to him.

SOMETIMES MEN DO SPANK THEIR WIVES.

This sense of possession enters into the husband's disciplinary method, even the casual observer sees this for the humbler classes by force or circumstances carry on a good deal of what we call private life in public. Occasionally you may see a strict - or maybe only an excited - disciplinarian suddenly stop in the middle of his argument to cuff his wife (or it may be his sweetheart) by way of emphasis; and then, still arguing while standing in the middle of the sidewalk with the traffic flowing around them, as suddenly and impulsively put his arms around her, kiss her fondly and with the palm of his hand (handkerchiefs never seem to be handy) wipe away the presumably penitent tear from her cheek. It seems to be only the argument that matters; the cuffing is incidental, the Latin being so given to expressing himself with his hands.

The man as provider and protector of the family is recognized as master. His word is law; and the wife recognizes this either by obedience or the most subtle intangible evasion. Nevertheless there is happiness because the welfare of the family is the first consideration - and the fact that there nearly always is a family contributes much to the preservation of the happiness.

In spite of their need to go out of the home to work during the war - and they, like the women of the other war-torn countries were working-the Rumanian women are not rushing headlong into the industrial world. Their men want them at home, and the women want home and husband and children; so that what is called the ancient order of things still prevails and seems to work very well-at least to the apparent satisfaction of those who cling to it.

SOME WOMEN NOT ABOVE DECEPTION

Now and then, where love was not the impelling power to marriage, being the mere possession of her man irks her, and the woman will-just by way of getting even-deliberately and systematically deceive her husband by pinching out a franc here and there to hide away for a distant day of independence. In a spirit of uncontrollable aversion and revolt against being tied to a man she loathes and from whom cannot get away, she will engage in an illicit adventure for the sheer satisfaction of deceiving him.

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In spite of their need to go out of the home to work during the war - and they, like the women of the other war-torn countries were working-the Russian women are not running needlessly into the industrial world. Their men want them at home, and the women want home and husband and children; so that what is called the ancient order of things still prevails and seems to work very well-at least to the apparent satisfaction of those who cling to it.

SOME WOMEN NOT ABOVE DECEPTION

Now and then, where love was not the impelling power to marriage, being the mere possession of her man like her, and the woman still-just by way of getting even-deliberately and systematically deceives her husband by pinching out a fling here and there to hide away for a distant day of independence. In a spirit of uncontrollable aversion and revolt against being tied to a man she loathes and from whom cannot get away, she will engage in an illicit adventure for the sheer satisfaction of deceiving him.

Yet the truth remains that woman suffrage isn't even a topic in Rumania today; and the women of Rumania, most consistent in form in spite of the fashionable figure of the moment, and functioning as female first (in accordance with nature's design) in perpetuating the species, appear to be carefree, contented, and unctuously happy.

Antoinette Jackson.

CAIN ȘI ABEL

Și-amandoi doar aū plecat odat'
S'aducā jertfā Celui Prea Inalt,
Și Cain cel cu sufletul hain,
Și Abel cel smerit și cel blajin.

Și Cain mândru, aprig și'ngānfat,
Ceva din roada Cāmpului a dat;
Iar Abel umilit și prea supus,
Ce-avea mai bun în turmā a adus.

Și, Cel de sus, Inaltul Creator,
Ce vede și priveste jertfa lor,
Nu paele ce ard cu fum urāt
Ci jertfa cea de miel lui ia plācut.

Și porțile cerești i-a fost deschis
Lui Abel, sā priveascā'n paradis;
Iar Cain cel viclean, și necurat
Sā-și ispāșeasca aici a lui pācat.

Cum poate fi aşa, răspunse el,
Cain, cel răŭ la suflet şi mişel.
Cum poate aşa ca jertfa lui
Să nu fie plăcută Domnului?

Ş'atuncia de mândrie biruit,
Afurisând şi blestemând cumplit,
Cu forţa lui Satan s'a fost incins,
Pe Abel cel prea drept el l'a ucis!

Priviţi acum cel suflet prea curat
Cum stă deadreapta Celui Prea Inalt;
Iar Cain, fugitiv şi tremurând
Cu frica şi blestem stă pe pământ.

Căci Cain mândru rău şi indrăcit
Ce-avu mai răŭ in holde a jertfit;
Iar Abel cel umilit şi prea supus,
Ce avu mai bun in turme a adus.

Source: Rumanian newspaper "America".
March 13, 1937.

CAIN AND ABEL

A literal translation from the Rumanian newspaper "America".

March 13, 1937.

By

Antoinette Jackson.

Both perhaps left at once,
To bring sacrifice to the Almighty.
Cain with malevolent heart,
And Abel the humble and gentle one.

Cain proud, ferocious and vivacious,
Somewhat off the wayside gave,
While Abel humble, and too submissive,
What he had of the best in herd, he brought.

And the One above, the Almighty Creator,
Who sees and understands their sacrifice,
Not the straw that burns with ugly smoke,
But that of the lamb pleased Him.

And the heavenly portals were opened
To Abel, to see the paradise;
While Cain the sly and unclean,
Remained outside to atone his guilt.

How can it be so, answered he,
Cain, the bad one at heart and mean,
How can it be that this sacrifice,
Should not please the Master.

And then by pride overcome,
Blaspheming, cursing ferociously,
With Satan's strength endowed,
Abel the upright, he killed.

Look now at the very clean soul
How he sits at the right of the Too High One,
While Cain, fugitive, and trembling
With fear and blasphemy stays on earth.

For Cain proud, hateful and exasperated,
What he had in worst of seeds he sacrificed,
While Abel, the humble and very submissive one,
What he had of the best in flock he brought.

MARTIRUL DIN ST. QUENTIN

Ce groasnice chinuri ,
Ce martiri nespuse,
Toate tu le induri
Inocentule MOONE.

Ai fost și tu ferice,
Intre familia, și amici.
Se poate că tu aice
Uitat in veci vei fi?

Invidia, ura și calomină,
Pe tine te-au urmărit
Pān'ce in groasnică puscariā,
Te-au vāzut nenorocit.

Chinuri fārā seamān
Ca un martir ai indurat
Departe de lume și oameni
Ești de viu inmormāntat.

Nu dispera inocente,
Chinul tău va avea sfârșit.
Destul, plânsete, lamente!
Glasul tău a fost auzit.

Nu numai familia ta,
Ci și scriitori plin de talent,
Ei îți iau apărarea,
Stiindu-te inocent.

Prin scrisul lor lumea te va auzi.
Curagi! Nu despera.
Inocența o va răsplăti
Dreptatea va triumfa.

By.

Antoinette Jackson.

THE MARTYR OF ST. QUENTIN

A literal translation from the Rumanian poem, dedicated to Mr. MOONEY.

By

Antoinette Jackson.

What atrocious agony,
What untold suffering,
All you endured
Innocent MOONEY.

You were happy too,
Among family and friends.
Is it possible, that
Y ou will be forgotten ?

Envy, hatred, and calumny,
Folowed you,
Till in the miserable jail,
They saw you unhappy.

Agony unequaled,
You endure like a martyr,
Away from the world and its people,
Buried alive.

Don't despair, innocent one,
Your agony will end,
Enough, crying, and lamenting!
Y ou have been heard.

Not only your family,
But also writers of talent,
Take your part,
Knowing you innocent.

Through their writings the people hear you.
Courage! Don't despair.
The innocence will repay it,
The right will triumph.

Theodore Frey

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Report Roumanian

On the southern part of one time Hungaria I was born in Temesvar. You know this little place is mostly nothing but mineral baths and springs where people from all over come to drink the water and to bathe in the water as it is very healthy. I helped what I could my parents who took care of the springs and bath-house owned by the town. All guests we mostly had to care were Roumanians from Bucaresti so we spoke roumanian and hungarian at home. After the war you see the Roumanians did take all southern Hungaria and we got a kind of mixed up. When I was in my 4th grade in school I learned French and by the time I was 14 I spoke it very well.

During the war I remember business was at a standstill and we all knew that something would happen. The german armies had all Roumania occupied and we had a regular field hospital in our town.

We tried after the war to move away but the new authorities had been very strict in acting and our passports have been detained.
My uncle from California had finally arranged with the consulate so we could go on the big trip. We left by the way of Germany and landed in New Orleans where we went by train to California.

When we got out the station we could not find a [illegible] who could understand [illegible] and we said [illegible] hours until my aunt did arrive and told us that she expected us on the other station.

[illegible]

helped my aunt in the store while my younger brothers [illegible] to school. We went to Chicago and we stayed here. Later my mother went there too and I have been here and got married. We have no children and we could manage up to about a year ago when things dulled very fast. It was too bad but I employed myself on the relief and I have 1 day work just about enough to get food. We have no rent to pay, otherwise it would not be enough but we get out.

As everything is new to me I don't know what to say. I never would have believed if any one told us in the old country that in the Netherland you find unemployement and depression. That makes us mad to it and how it will end I don't know. Perhaps if all young men from 18 to 30 would be compelled for service in the Army and after 2 or 3 years furnished with a government possition, perhaps that would make things better I don't know.

San Francisco Calif.
Oct. 4, 1934

Report of Raymond Kurth
Re: Research work.

On September 30th and Oct. 2nd I interviewed a Roumanian family living in the Western Addition.

The head of the household is a man 53 years of age and there are two children, both girls and are married. The youngest resides with the parents together with her husband and they have one child 4 years old.

The other married daughter is living in Vallejo and here husband is employed in the shipyards there.

The man and his wife were born and raised in Bucharest and were married there and he was 24 years of age and his wife 22 years old when they came to this Country. They had relatives here and thru correspondence, were impressed with the better opportunities for advancement, which this Country afforded.

He is a carpenter and on arriving in New York, he found employment at his trade

readily. Later they moved to Fort Wayne Ind. where they stayed several years and during the World's Wave he enlisted in the U.S. Navy and was sent to San Francisco. The family followed to the West Coast, where they have resided since.

They are Greek Orthodox Catholic by religion but they do not attend Church regularly.

During the past two years he has not been employed regularly and has been on relief.

The general family conditions are very good and the furniture is moderate but of good taste.

Respectfully
Raymond Kurth

This man comes from the town of Rockport, Illinois, born in 1876, his father was a shoemaker & after attending school for only 3 yrs went to work in his father's small shop. He had an uncle in New York who bought him to this country in 1900 & went to work of his trade there. After working there for 7 yrs he moved to Detroit to work & got married & became a father of two children - boy & a girl. At this time Detroit was beginning to grow a result of the automobile industry & having a few dollars saved opened up a small grocery store. Business was good & he made many improvements in his store & was able to open up two more stores & move to two flats. Happy prosperous life came to a sudden halt with a considerable bank account until in 1937 he sold his stores & came to the East-Bay to live where he is now living a very busy life from the savings he has & the pensions "he's" got enough to get by on until the end of life

Dr. Paul Radin, Supervisor
Antoinette Jackson, Record Clerk

The biography of Louis Kramer

Louis Kramer is a native of Roumania 65 years of age and came to the United States in 1896. Like most Roumanians, he settled amongst his own countrymen in New York City and, not having studied any profession nor learned any trade, he was forced to become a peddler. He peddled mostly ladies apparel and cheap jewelry and the profits from such merchandise at the time were considerable. So much so, in fact that after two years he had saved up some three hundred

Dollars, which his initial capital was only about Fifty Dollars cash and a like amount of credit.

Having saved up three thousand Dollars, in addition to establishing a good reputation as well as of considerable credit, he decided to open a store and quit peddling. But before doing so he consulted his fiancee a remarkable young lady of a good family and with a high degree of commercial aptitude and she encouraged him to do so. For a very short time he opened a medium sized store on one of the business streets of New York city which, at the time

was more or less a show place. In less than one year he was obliged to take additional space in order to enlarge his business establishment. Shortly after its enlargement, he married.

Honeymoons meant nothing to business people in the nineteenth century; therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer spent theirs in the three room flat which they had furnished as their permanent residence without a single day's absence from the business. Mrs Farmer was especially indispensable for the reason that she was the sole cashier and bookkeeper.

But there came a time

when Mrs. Kramer was no longer able to attend to her duties in the store and it became imperative to find a substitute. Shall the substitute be another woman, or a man? This subject was debated between husband and wife for a few days and the latter had her way, that is, a man was engaged to act as cashier and bookkeeper. In about two weeks after Mrs. Kramer retired to her flat she gave birth to a son.

The birth of the son, however brought on physical complications

in Mrs. Kramer, and her complete recovery was uncertain. Many physicians who had examined and administered to her various medical treatments without any appreciable results advised Mr. Kramer to send his wife to California.

Needless to say Mr. Kramer loved his wife, therefore he lost no time in persuading an intimate lady, one of his wife's cousins to act as chaperon as well as constant companion to his wife as long as she would be obliged to remain in California.

The Physicians had told Mr. Kramer that a year's residence in California would be

enough to restore his wife's physical condition to a normal state. One year and about three months had elapsed between the date of Mr. and Mrs. Kramer's marriage and the latter's departure for California.

Before leaving New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Kramer, together with the lady who was engaged to accompany the latter, were discussing the place where they should make their temporary home in California, but it was useless, for the reason that more of them than one was there.

It was therefore decided that the two ladies themselves should make their own decision after reaching "Gaslight-town". Their railroad tickets collected from San Francisco to the destination towards the close of the nineteenth century San Francisco was the largest city in California and Europeans of Mr. Kramer's origin always had a predilection for large cities.

The letters between Mr. and Mrs Kramer were exchanged frequently and more or less regularly, but in none of them was there a note of encouragement

Page 8. Since Mrs. Kramer felt no worse in California than she did while in New York, but not much better, she frequented the offices of the best physicians, and they did the best they could for her, but with no appreciable result. In desperation Mr. Kramer decided to take a trip to California, in order to see his wife, his son, and find out for himself whether cold and should be down, about obtaining his wife's health, if at all possible.

After reaching San Francisco Mr. Kramer became literally

enamored with that city that he decided to rest a few other places. Therefore he engaged rooms for Los Angeles and San Diego and the all forwarded thereto. In Angeles and San Diego however, did not appeal to either Mr or Mrs Kramer and after about two weeks they returned to San Francisco. In the latter city Mr. Kramer called upon the three physicians who had examined and admitted various treatments to Mrs Kramer but none of them committed himself as to her possible eventual final recovery.

They all, severally as well as Mrs. Kramer herself felt that she was better off in California with its mild climate than she would be in New York. Consequently after remaining with her family about two months Mr. Kramer returned to New York.

English speaking people have a proverb that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" German speaking people however have a proverb that "Ferne von den Augen ferne vom Herzen" The literal translation is "Distant from the eyes distant

from the heart!

Mr. Kramer was a young man when he married, he was young when he visited his sick wife in California, and lastly, he was still young when he returned to New York. His business was exclusively for money and all of his sales ladies were women and a young man, especially a prosperous and amongst many women regardless of the man's good intention and/or good character is a very desirable companion and ... Well before Mr. Kramer would admit it even to himself he was like so much pretty

as it were in the hands of a rich, handsome and well educated woman. They were going to public places frequently, and tongues began to wag.

One day Mr. Kramer was confronted by his wife without any warning what-ever, and she told him frankly of the receipt of information regarding his adventures with Mrs. Goldsmith. Mr. Kramer was too nervous to say anything, and the matter was not adverted to for some days. But Mrs. Kramer due to the

length of the tedious journey and also to the intense grief and copious tears ever since she received an anonymous anonymous letter wherein her husband's conduct with Mrs Goldsmith was described minutely, became severely ill, and in about two weeks expired in the very arms of her husband.

Mr. Kramer's demise in turn brought on Mr Kramer's conscience sorrow shame and an indescribable degree of grief all of which forced him into a hospital where for nearly three months he was close

to death himself. However, in due time he had only recovered but he did not relish the thought of ever again either enter his home or his business establishment. Therefore he entrusted a friend with the commission to dispose of his business and home at any sacrifice to send him the proceeds less a stem percent discount for himself for his trouble to San Francisco. The very same day he left New York city.

Since coming to San Francisco, Mr. Kramer re-establishing

himself in a big business head in New York, is married, and has three children with his second wife. He is prosperous and happy, because he believes in fate. His philosophy is to forget the past and to live in the present and future.

Anely
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The life of Maria Pelan

The city in which Maria Pelan was born, had a population of about sixty thousand in the year 1890. It was the fourth or fifth in tonnage and extent and population and was called Brailo. The city borders on the great river Danube in Roumania.

Many Pelan was one of five daughters. Never went to any school for the reason that there were no public schools for girls at that time, and their parents had not the means to pay for their education in the only private school for girls in that city. Thus they grew up without any education whatever. But such is fate of these, they began to think at

Page 3.

In early age, Maria, at the age of ten years, was apprenticed to a seamstress. Her compensation was to be only room and board and one dress a year.

The hereditary influences upon Maria were none too good; first, because her father was lazy and seldom worked at his trade as a blacksmith; and secondly, because seldom enough was being to get food and sleep in Romania. Her mother was always ailing on account of mental abuse by her husband, and if she died at her birth to a child she was sure of having a miscarriage.

Environmental conditions

was much worse for ~~Lafleur~~ France than her hereditary influences. Her entire family were living in small quarters in flats, they all occupied only two small rooms. In one lived and slept the five girls and in the other lived and slept their father and mother. The parents room was also used as a kitchen and dining room, altho there was seldom food to be cooked or to be eaten. Their chief diet consisted of potatoes or beans, and about once a month a piece of fish. Their poverty is indescribable.

As our apprentice to a seamstress ~~Lafleur~~ France fared neither well. She had plenty to eat, a decent warm place to sleep in and she was taught how to sew. Of course, she worked

my hard from about five o'clock every morning until nine or ten o'clock in the evening. She had to take care of all the menial work in both the seamstress' shop and home. But she gradually became used to her daily duties and her new environment was a happy, ~~one~~ compared with the one in her own home.

At the end of about two years she was a competent seamstress. She was well liked by her employer and the other help in the shop therefore. She was relieved of all domestic duties, and in addition her wages and board she was to receive wages of two dollars per month.

Of all the daughters Esper

her employer asked Sophia, "What do you do with the money I give you every month?" Sophia without hesitation answered. "I send most of it to father." Nothing more was said by either that evening.

The next day Sophia's employer called at her parents residence; and found only the father dead drunk, and a younger sister about six years of age. Of course, she could not discuss what was on her mind with either, therefore she departed.

Two days later Sophia asked her employer for five francs "on account" of her

was the most abused one by her father, yet she almost worshipped him, whether he was sober or drunk. Her mother had little fascination for her, but her father was her idol. Therefore, when the father found that she was to receive his frames for months and wages, he begged her for money. Every month Dixie's father borrowed from her five or six or eight frames. When her wages were raised about a year later to fifteen frames per month, her father borrowed more. She never refused her father money.

One evening after dinner

current wages. "What do you want to do with the money?" she ~~was~~ asked. "Father is waiting outside the shop for the money. He wants me to lend it to him." As soon as ~~Sophie~~ Fanny's employer heard that, she told her to ask her father to come in. The three of them went to a room back of the shop; ~~and~~ then ~~Sophie's~~ Fanny's employer told the former's father that he could not have another centime of her money; that she was going to keep the

~~Sophie's~~ Fanny's father is not fit to record. The dialogue between ~~Sophie's~~ Fanny's employer and the former's father was as follows:

girl's wages, that she would use some of it for the girl's clothes, and some of it she would give to her mother. Thereupon the three separated and parted company.

When Lofania was sixteen years of age, she was the most beautiful girl in Brailas. She had a clear complexion, a wonderful figure, and her golden hair reached down to her knees. Being only a peasant's however, she had no special contacts whatsoever. Whenever she went to visit her parents and sisters, men would stop and look at and after her ~~[illegible]~~ marvel at her beauty

Sophia listened attentively, but could not then say yes or no. She merely said that she would think about it.

While she was being fitted in a new dress the customer begged Marie's employer to influence her employee to go to the United States and marry her brother. He also called on Marie's parents and repeated what she had told the former. He showed them a picture of her brother. Three months later Marie and her father were on their way to Austin, Minnesota.

When she first heard

Sometimes army officers or civilians would try to engage her in conversation, but she invariably ignored them all.

Shortly after she was sixteen years of age, a narrow custom of her employer approached her and said, "Young lady, I have a brother in the United States. He is single and very rich. Do you think you would care to go there and marry him? There are plenty of girls where he lives but he wrote to me to find him one who this country, and if she is willing to go to Minnesota and marry him, he will send her all the money she needs."

socially, because she was a good and liberal entertainer of company.

After the first child was born, Sophia's husband decided to sell his business in Austin, Minnesota, and move to Des Moines, Iowa.

It did not take him long to find a purchaser for his plant (It was yielding good profits), and as soon as he disposed of all his real estate, he removed to Des Moines, Iowa.

In the latter city, Sophia's husband did not do as well. No matter what business he engaged in, it proved a failure. Finally, after living in Des Moines, until about five years, he decided to

Angell

her future husband, ~~Sophia~~ France had tears in her eyes, because his personality did not at all correspond with the picture; moreover, on account of his poverty before she left Germany (He had sent four thousand francs for the trip and to travel) and his effort to see her, she married him two days later.

After she was in the United States, ~~Sophia~~ France noticed that it was important upon her to learn at least to read and write, and she engaged a private female teacher for the purpose. In about a year she could read and write. She was continually in demand

Come to California.

When in California, he was undecided whether to settle in Los Angeles or San Francisco. He finally decided to settle in the latter city. He engaged in the liquor and wine business both wholesale and retail. Business prospered but came up to his expectations and being of a worrisome nature his health failed him and he died

Maine

[illegible] was left a widow with two children, a son and a daughter, and a small estate. One piece of real estate was a small apartment house from which she derived an income of about two hundred

dollars per month. The other real estate was unimproved property.

After her husband's death, Mrs. had her hands full, as it were. She had three things to do, and thought of nothing else. First, she took good care of her home; secondly, she trained her children well; thirdly, she did not spend one cent unless absolutely necessary.

During the years 1920—1929 real estate boom, Mrs. sold one lot for forty thousand dollars cash. To that amount she added ten thousand dollars more, which she had saved up from her real property income, and bought various high class bonds.

When she again had a savings bank account of about four thousand Dollars she took her two children for ~~the first time~~ a pleasure trip through the United States, which took them into many states. Wherever there was some natural wonder to be seen they visited.

Having again some money in the Bank after her return she built several cheap houses upon some lots and sold them on the installment plan at a good profit. It seemed that whatever she bought or sold yielded good profits. But like many other who are constantly chasing

about their investments, and eager ~~ness~~ or greedy ~~ness~~ for profits, ~~[illegible]~~ became virtually a nervous wreck. She was continually visiting physicians, yet no one afforded her any relief. She was frequently advised to quit her necessary anxiety, but that she could not do. The result was that she broke down completely, and had to depend upon her children for her own care and welfare, as well as the care and attention required by her various investments. For about two years she was

an invalid, and, at the age of fifty-four years, she passed away.

Before she passed away she promised to build two cottages and furnish them completely for the consumptive home at Monte California. The plans for them had been submitted to her during her life time, but she did not survive sufficiently long to see them carried out. However, after her death, her children carried out their mother's promise at a cost of about Twelve thousand Dollars. Jessie's entire estate was appraised at about one hundred thousand Dollars, all of which was divided

[illegible] and should [illegible] between
her surviving son and daughter
He died intestate.

Sophia's daughter has been
a fashionable cultured teacher in
the public school. She also has
been engaged in many business
ventures. Neither of them [illegible]
married.

A. Jackson.

The biography of Dimitru Iogu.

It is not easy to classify the birth-place of Dimitru Iogu, for the reason that subdivisions of Roumania are not at all in conformity with the subdivisions of the U.S. Suffice it to say however, that the individual of this biography, namely Dimitru Iogu, was born in a little town, more properly designated as a hamlet, known as Beresti, located in the nation or kingdom known as Roumania.

Dimitru was the eldest son of ANDREI IOGU and his wife Maria Iogu. There were three other children, all of them much younger than Dimitru.

At the time Dimitru was born, the Roumanian government had no public school system, therefore when he reached the age of six years, he was sent to the local priest of the Greek Orthodox church for some smattering of an education.

At the age of I2 years Dimitru was apprenticed to a shoemaker, whose wife was not very kindly disposed towards anyone of her husband's apprentices. Nevertheless, Dimitru performed all of the menial duties which were imposed upon him either by the old shoemaker or by his wife, and aft' er laboring and sweating four years, the length of his apprenticeship, he was given his discharge with the blessings of his masters.

Being only I6 years of age, although a good shoemaker, he could find no work in his home -town. For altho nearly everyone who could afford it had the shoes made to order, as was then the costum, yet the great majority

walked about bare-footed or wore sandals. Hence, there were not enough costumers even for the old experienced shoemakers. What to do next was a problem to Dimitru until one day his mother suggested to him to try a larger city, the nearest of which to his home -town was Yassi. Accordingly, his parents gave him two franks (about forty cents) and he began his journey on foot. Reaching Yassi, which was even then a city of about I50000 in habitants, Dimitru began immediately to look around for work in all the Shoemakers shops, but after a week's effort he gave up in despair. During that week however, he was befriended by a prosperous shoemaker who at one of their conversation said: " Why don't you emigrate to a new country, where everyone who is industrious not only finds plenty of work , but may also become rich ?"" What country is that?" quaried Dimitru. "Why", said his newly found friend "America." And,"added the kindly shoemaker, "I will sdvance you the money for the trip to America, if you will return it to me as soon as you can." Needless to say, "Dimitrunot only thanked him, but he was so overwhelmed that he cried.

Dimitru wrote to his parents that he was emigrating to America, a land where everyone had an opportunity to work as well as become rich, and shortly thereafter he embarked upon the long journey.

Dimitru Iogu arrived in New-York in the month of April, I885 at the age of about I7 years. His trade as a costume shoemaker was not much in demand and

lacking funds for the necessities of life, he applied for a job as a dish-washer in a Restaurant Kitchen. He was put to work immediately at a wage of five Dollars a week and his food He continued in that place about six months, but during that time he became acquainted with others of his countrymen among whom was one who owned a shoe-store of ready to wear shoes. Knowing that one who served a four years apprenticeship in Roumania must be a good costume-made shoemaker, the owner of the shoestore advised Dimitru to quit diswashing and to start making shoes to order in his shoestore, where there was plenty of vacant space. The shoestore owner agreed to advance Dimitru Ten Dollars a week until the made-to-order shoes department will show a profit which they will divide between themselves.

Dimitru Knew his trade thouroughly and hence, in about two years, he and the shoestore owner became full partners. At the end of the third year Dimitru returned the full amount plus interest to his Roumanian friend, who befriended him in Yassi, and he also sent a substantial sum of money present to his parents. At the end of the fifth year, he sent for his parents and his brothers and sisters, and they all settled in New-York.

At the age of 22 years Dimitru married an American born girl. The entire Iogu family were lucky ever since they arrived in the United States, and hence all of its members became rich. Even old man Andrei Iogu altho only an illiterate farmer in Roumania, engaged in business in New-York,

Dr. Paul Radin, Supervisor.
Antoinette Jackson, Research Ass't.

Roumanian Biography No. 7.

B. K. was the only child of a widow whose ancestors were born and died in Vaslui, Roumania.

When B. was born, in the year 1861 schooling of any sort was out of the question, save and except schools which the people themselves could support from their own meagre incomes or means. Hence B. K., like many other children, was sent to a sort of school having only one teacher, who taught only two subjects namely, reading and writing. There was no definite time set when a child might enter that school nor was there any definite period prescribed during which a student should attend. A child could be enrolled any time during the year, attend classes any hour of the day, and so long

as its parents paid the teacher the fee, it was welcome in the school. Once in a while the teacher would would be invited by the more affluent of his student parents to dinner in their respective homes, and after dinner the child, or children of the particular host and hostess would be subjected to a test of his, or their progress in reading and writing.

After B. attended two years in that school, he was twelve years of age, and his mother could no longer spare the money for his tuition, therefore, he was apprenticed to a barber for four years. He was to have room and board during his apprenticeship, also a new suit of cloths and Twenty Francs at the time of his discharge. In return therefore he was to do all the required chores, both in the barbershop and in the barber's home. After being an apprentice about two years, and feeling himself

capable of attending all of the requirements of the customers in the barbershop, he confided to his mother that he had made up his mind to run away to America, if she would advance him the money for the trip. Knowing that there was no future for her son in his native town, and having full confidence in her son's honesty and integrity she promised to provide him with the necessary funds for his liberation from practiced serfdom and also his emigration to America.

In the fall of the year 1875, B. K. left Vashu and in due time landed in New-York.

After making the rounds of various barber shops in New-York and because of the fact that his physical appearance did not disclose his age (He was unusually tall and large for his age) he secured a place.

His wages were fixed at seven Dollars per week and tips. The barbershop was kept open from seven o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening. In that barbershop B.K. stayed about two years, and during that period he had saved about three hundred dollars. In addition to his savings he made monthly remittances of five Dollars to his mother.

In the year 1878 B.K. left Chicago for Sacramento, California, where a brother of his deceased father resided. In Sacramento he remained about six years during which period he lived in his uncle's house. During the same period he had saved up about twenty-seven hundred Dollars from his trade as a barber.

One evening B.K. said to his uncle. "I am tired of my trade as a barber. I should like to open

a shoe-store, not in this city but in San Francisco. The money I saved up may and may not be sufficient for the purpose, therefore, would you be willing to lend me some additional money in case I need it?" This uncle asked him what he knew about the shoe business and the latter had to admit that he knew nothing. "But," he added, "I know that no shoe-store in San Francisco sells a pair of shoes for less than five dollars, and if I can secure a shoe factory that would make shoes for me, which I could sell for no more than three dollars and fifty cents including my overhead and a profit, I will get rich." After B.K.'s uncle heard his nephew's idea, he promissed to assit him financially.

In the year 1884 and when only twenty four years of age B.K. left Sacramento for San Francisco. After making the rounds of the city he found a vacant store on Mid

Street near Market and he secured an option from its owner for a ten year lease at a reasonable rental. And while he was looking about for a store, he looked in the city directory in order to ascertain whether any Eastern shoe manufacturer had a local representative. Among the few names listed he found one who represented the Douglas Shoe Co. He lost no time in locating the man, and disclosed the object of his call. The Douglas Shoe Company manufactured only shoes that would sell for three dollars and fifty cents, and its representative tried to dissuade B. K. from engaging in the shoe business, because he said; no one in San Francisco will buy a pair of shoes costing less than three dollars." All of our shoes are sold in the smaller towns of California." But B. K. persuaded the Douglas Shoe Company's representative to give his order, and it was a large one.

In about two months thereafter B. K. opened his shoe store for business,

and it was a success from the beginning. Success, however, did not satisfy B.K. from his purpose, namely, to be a successful shoe merchant and also to become rich. Therefore he kept his store open from early morning until late at night; he slept in the back of his store, and spent as little as he possibly could get along with upon himself. In about three years B.K. had a large shoe-store, all the merchandise was paid for and in addition, he had a surplus of three thousand dollars in a Bank. Having been successful as a shoe merchant, and being comparatively rich already, he began to feel the need of a home and a mate. During his residence in San Francisco, and having become comparatively rich, he was welcomed as a guest in several homes, and he eventually chose for his wife a girl, who altho not a rich family, yet it was a respectable one. Before marrying he brought his mother from Roumania.

In due time he had a well established home of his own, a congenial mate, two sons and one daughter.

When the children grew up they showed no inclination to go to school or to study despite the fact that their father was willing and able to pay for their education. Therefore, when the sons reached maturity he took them into his shoe store, not as salesmen but as chair warmers, so to speak. Both sons felt that they did not have to work, but just lay and loaf, because their father was rated in Dun's as a millionaire. Each one of the sons and his daughter married when yet in their teens, as it were and each of the former was paid eight hundred dollars per month "salary."

When B. K. died his estate was inventoried at "One Million Dollars." He left a will leaving all of his real estate, stocks and bonds and cash in the Bank to his wife, and the shoe store to his two sons and married

daughter.

After B K's death, she conducted the store about [illegible] years, but on account of her incompetency and extravagance, it was taken away from them by creditors and sold for the heirs.

Her mother assisted her financially from time to time, only on account of the tender memories from indirect association with her deceased husband's business, but she had to put a stop to making further advances, because the results that her sons were incapable of conducting the business successfully. Moreover, her possessions shrunk in value to such an extent that she had just about enough left to take care of her own daily needs.

Jan - 28 - 35

Born in a small town of a little over 200 people called Shache - in Romania - fourty six years ago - went to school until I was nine years old - that as you can see did not give me much schooling but had to help to make both ends meet - worked in the fields - all year around - either hoeing or planting potatoes herding ~~goats~~ goats - and in spring until late summer - picking flowers which were used in making perfume - real hard back breaking work - and we were getting no where I could see that at age of eleven - in our country boys at 11 or 12 are already men - when I was 12 years old I could hardly stand this anymore - saw my mother work from early morning till late at night - my father too - the food was almost uneatable to me - nearly everything made of goats milk - the goats and the smell even to this day - are a (one)

stench in my nostrils - so at the age of 14 I ran away from home - caused my parents much grief - I went to Buchest - and did all kinds of menial work - could not save any money - finally - joining a circus - and when I reached Naples - got a job on a boat going to Africa - wanted to stay there - but was rounded up the night before sailing - our next port of call - Rio Janeiro - South America - stayed there a year and then - sailed on steerage to New York - and got a job in a florist which was to my liking - finally - I met a young lady who was visiting - New York from San Jose - Calif - after she left we corresponded - and finally - I went to San Jose and married her - Her Father owned a dairy - in San Jose - but I could not

(B)

for the life of me — go near that dairy — milk was offensive to me first — my father in-law, started me in a Plant ~~no~~ nursery — and have done very nicely made a nice living saved money — all but about four years made — amends to my people after being successfull — send them money each ~~month~~ month — of course now my mother very old — does not need much — My father has passed on also after the war had one of my Brothers come over — what now worries for me is my foreman I let him has married — Hope the depression will soon be over that I can make money again and have less worries —

Jules E. Mannberger

Ivan Sigur, fifty-two years old, was born in the city of Braila, Roumania, shortly after the surrender of the fortified city of Plevna by the Turkish to the Russian army in 1878. His father, Ilie Sigur, was a dragoman by profession, meaning in the English language an interpreter, having mastered ten languages before he was twenty-five years of age.

There was only one place at that time, where one could learn so many different languages, and that was around Egypt and the Red Sea during the building of the Suez Canal. People from all nations, especially workingmen, flocked to that part of the world, because those who could secure work, and very few could not, were well paid. Some were small tradesmen, and among them was Ilie Sigur.

After accumulating some money Ilie decided to return to Roumania on the account of a raging eye disease, known to this day as trachoma. This disease is chiefly caused by the sand that is carried long distances by the desert winds from Africa blowing towards the north-eastern portion of that continent and also by the extreme heat prevailing there. At any rate, when he returned to his home in Roumania, Ilie Sigur found a male heir who was named after his father, Ivan. He did not remain long in his home, however, for he was employed by the Russian Government to act as interpreter for the general staff of its army which

was then waging war against the Turks.

As soon as hostilities ceased, Ilie Sigur was discharged, and he again returned to his native city and country.

From the age of about seven years to his fifteenth year, Ivan was kept in the best schools that money could procure for him to enter, but thereafter there was no school to which he could be sent in that city.

After consulting various teachers, Ilie was advised to send his son to either Crakow or Vienna. Both cities were then in the country known as Austria-Hungary, but the former city was inhabited mostly by Polish people, whereas the latter city was predominently German.

Roumanians of that time were very friendly towards Germans, but not at all towards Polish people, so therefore, Ilie decided to personally take his son to Vienna.

In Vienna Ivan was placed in a school where students were provided with board and lodging and such educational instruction as would thoroughly prepare one for a university.

From about the middle of the nineteenth century to the beginning of the last war, the World War, life in Vienna was unlike that of any other city on this planet. In the first place, everyone who could at all afford it, and very few could not, literally and figuratively, lived what we in the United States might call the "highlife." With its beautiful natural environ-

ments, its charming and graceful women, its enchanting music, its thoroughly Bohemian and cosmopolitan atmosphere, its care-free people, Vienna was a veritable heaven on earth. In this whirlwind, so to speak, Ivan was left to take care of himself as best he could. He was only about eighteen years of age when he found himself attached to a Viennese beauty who practically enslaved him to her heart's content and to his own undoing.

To Ivan, money was a great necessity in order to entertain his innamorata as well as provide her with all the luxuries and pleasures she craved; therefore he wrote to his father very often for money, giving all sorts of reasons for needing it, but never the true facts. In time however, his father suspected that something was wrong, and he decided to journey to Vienna to make a personal investigation.

Ilie Sigur, as soon as he reached Vienna, called at his son's school and his inquiry revealed the information that his son had not been seen for several days and no one could give him any clue as to where he might be found. The only thing he could do was to abide his time and watch the entrance to the school. Two days later about twelve o'clock noon, Ilie's watchfulness was rewarded.

While standing in the courtyard and talking to one of his son's schoolmates, he noticed his son at a distance of about one hundred feet walking leisurely towards the entrance of one of the

dormitories.

As soon as his son had crossed the threshold of the door through which he had entered, Ilie Sigur asked the young man with whom he was engaged in a conversation, who lived within the dormitory to which he pointed. The answer was about fifty students, among them being Ivan Sigur. Thereupon Ilie asked the young man if he would mind showing him his son's room, and without a second's hesitation, the latter did so. At the door, before entering, Ilie thanked the young man, and they parted. Immediately after, no one being about in the hall, Ilie gave one short knock on the door, and without waiting for the usual "Entree!" (come in!), was within the room with the closed door behind him. He went up to his where his son was standing, who felt almost shocked, and extended his hand, saying: "Son, I have come to pay you a visit. I have been called to an important business engagement that requires my personal presence." The only thing which the son could say was "Father, I am happy that you have come, and I hope that you business call will prove profitable." Nothing more was said by either until they heard the sound of a bell. Ilie asked his son why the bell rang at that time of day, and he was informed that it was lunch-time. At that Ilie asked his son to join him for lunch at any restaurant he wished to go. The son however had made other engagements, and he said: "Father dear, not today. I made an

appointment for to-day's luncheon sometime ago with a few of my schoolmates and it would be dishonorable for me not to appear. But I shall dine with you at the Kaisehoff Hotel at eight o' clock and shall remain with you just two hours, for at ten o' clock I must be back in the dormitory". Ilie betrayed no sign of displeasure, but on the contrary, he wished his son a pleasant time and departed.

After leaving his son, Ilie called on a private detective agency and procured the services of one of its men. His instructions to the detective were to follow his son after leaving the Kaisehoff Hotel and as soon as he had made certain where his son went to return to the hotel and report to him. The detective was given detailed information where father and son would be sitting in the lobby of the hotel from about nine P.M. on, and prior to the son's departure the detective was to obtain, by himself, a full description of young Sigur.

At about 9:50 P.M., the two Sigurs shook hands and each went his way, the father to his room and the son into the street. In front of the hotel young Sigur took a cab and the detective took the next one. Little dreaming that he was being pursued, in about fifteen minutes, young Sigur's cab stopped in front of a small house, paid the coachman and dismissed him. The detective made certain of the number of the house and immediately returned to the Kaiserhoff Hotel and reported to Ilie. What move

to make next, Ilie could not decide at the moment, therefore he instructed the detective to find out who lived in the house where his son had gone and to report to him the next day at noon.

The next day the detective reported that a young woman about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age lived in that house. She had been married and her support came from a young man, whose father was a wealthy Roumanian. Her name was Margaret Schnitzler.

At about 1:00 P.M. young Sigur called at his father's hotel where they had a luncheon engagement. Before they went to the dining room young Sigur said: "Father, before you leave Vienna, I assume you will leave in a day or two, for Roumania, I wish you would leave me two thousand Gulden (a Gulden or Ducat was the equivalent of about fifty cents in United States money). I owe that much to various students for money borrowed and lost in foolish card games." Without giving any indication as to how his son's request for money affected him, Ilie told his son that it was time for lunch. During the luncheon Ilie asked his son what progress he has made in his studies and whether he had decided which one of the many professions he preferred to follow. Young Sigur told his father that he considered himself one of the best students in his class and that after graduating from that school he would prefer to enter a medical school. His ambition was to become a good surgeon. (The fact was that the Director of the

school gave Ilie an unfavorable report regarding his son's standing in the class). Luncheon being over, the two returned to Ilie's room. After a few moments Ilie said: "Son, you and I are leaving Vienna to-morrow. Go to your dormitory and pack all your things. It is now 2:30 P.M. At four o'clock I shall call for you. Before you leave the school we shall call on the Director and settle the account to date, and from the students from whom you borrowed money, give me a list of their names and the amount of money you owe to each and when we reach home you will mail bank-drafts to all".

After listening to his father's instructions the young fellow could not utter a syllable. He almost fainted. All he could say was: "Why, father?" But Ilie had made up his mind to rescue his son from a youthful escapade and he was fully resolved on that step. Young Sigur knew that his father's decision could not possibly be over-ruled and to defy him was out of the question, therefore without saying a single word to any one, not even to his inamorata, he obeyed his father and the next day they were both on the way to Roumania.

When they reached home, Ilie had a confidential talk with his wife and about three weeks later they were all bound for the United States. After landing in New York they rested about one week and made preparations for their journey to San Francisco where Ilie had a brother who had emigrated some years previous.

After arriving in San Francisco, and in a fatherly fashion, Ilie told his son all that he had learned about him while he was a student in Vienna. Nevertheless, if he was sincere in his decision to become a surgeon he would give him another chance. Young Sigur assured his father that he was certain in his own mind that he wanted to become a surgeon. In about seven years, at the age of about twenty-six years Ivan was a full fledged physician and surgeon. For some years he was quite successful. He married when thirty years old and has two children, one son and one daughter. Shortly after the collapse of the stock market in 1929 his wife died and ever since he has had great difficulty in obtaining sufficient income from his medical practice to secure at least the necessities of life for himself and his two children. He is competent in his profession, industrious, and free from vices. His few remaining patients cannot afford to pay him, and his children can secure no remunerative work. They are both taking commercial courses in night schools.

Ghica Vladimirescu was born in Braila, Roumania. When he was about six years of age, he asked his father to buy a violin in order that he might learn to play that instrument. It seems that Ghica was a lover of music. His father, however, refused to yield to the youngster's entreaties upon the ground that he did not want a gypsy in the family. Now it is true that most musicians, especially the good ones, in Roumania were at one time mostly gypsies, and therefore, it was not in accordance with social custom for a white boy to study music and to play any musical instrument. Girls on the other hand, particularly of the wealthier class, might be instructed to play the piano, but a boy's career was destined for more unaesthetic vocations. Not having been able to persuade his father to change his mind, the youngster continued his studies in a private school until he reached the age of about seventeen years, when, taking advantage of his father's absence, he closed his books and left the school for good. Thereupon he enlisted in the army with the express understanding that he was to be attached to any regiment's musical band in order to become a musician.

But Ghica being too ignorant and with no experience whatsoever in worldly matters, he learned too late that an army musical band had neither string nor piano musical instruments; therefore, he had to learn to play the next best musical instrument which,

according to the musical band's conductor, was a clarinet. Not many months elapsed before the new musical recruit mastered that instrument. Indeed, the band's conductor was so pleased with his pupil that the former gave the latter the privilege of his own home, where most of the music was written for the respective musical instruments from a score. (The art of printing music was not in full use at that time). And when the conductor was certain that his new pupil was acquainted with the ranges of every musical instrument, the former often gave the baton to the latter to lead the band.

For about two and one half years Ghica was a musician in an army musical band in Roumania, and during most of that time his father tried his utmost to dissuade him from continuing such an unprofitable as well as socially despised vocation, but the son continued with his career on the grounds that he could not secure his discharge.

At this time, a new angle developed. Ghica's mother divorced his father, married again, and shortly thereafter emigrated to the United States and established themselves in New York. For about fifteen years Ghica had not heard from his mother and one day a letter was delivered to him from her wherein she wrote to the effect that she would provide him with all the necessary transportation if he will ask for his discharge from the army musical band and come to the United States where he could become almost anything

he desired. After consulting with his father regarding the contents of his mother's letter, father and son agreed that it would be best for the latter's future to accept his mother's offer. Accordingly, after considerable effort Ghica was discharged from the army, and in the year 1891 he emigrated to the United States.

Ghica, when he arrived in the United States spoke Roumanian, French and German fluently, but hardly a word of the English language. Nevertheless, he applied himself industriously to the study of English, and after about one year in the United States he not only could speak and write that language well, but he passed a rigid examination before the Board of Regents of the State of New York and secured a certificate certifying that he was capable of registering as a law student in any university in the state of New York. Thereafter he did matriculate at a university, and after studying two years (the required period of study for a license to practise law), he was graduated with the degree of L.L.B.

But Ghica was too ambitious. He was not quite content with being a lawyer--he wanted to be a medico-legal expert. Therefore, he had to begin the study of medicine, in order to obtain the degree of M.D. Accordingly, he began to study medicine, and after four years the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him. Then it dawned upon him that as a medico-legal expert he would not be able to earn enough to keep the proverbial wolf away from his door. He thus engaged in the practice of medicine exclusively.

But to his great regret, he had no liking whatever for this profession, and after practising about seven years he abandoned it. For sometime thereafter he tried his hand at writing, but the environment around him then was against him and he lacked the will power to change his environment. Following this, he wrote comments on the decisions of the courts of last resort of the forty-eight states for about two years, and for the last twenty-five years he has been engaged in the practice of law. To be honest about it, Ghica must confess that he not only does not shine as a lawyer, but he sometimes does not know how to keep the "wolves" away from his door. His opinion is that parents should ascertain what a child likes to become in the complicated conditions of human society, and to yield to his yearning.

ITEMS OF RUMANIAN FOLKLORE
(Religious Legends)

THE DOCTRINE OF DUALISM IN RELIGIOUS FOLK TRADITION

The doctrine of dualism -- the struggle between good and evil -- is the central influence in Rumanian folk tradition as regards religious beliefs. A well-known proverb, "God is great, but the devil is clever too," is fortified by another which exhorts that "It is well to light a taper to the devil also -- every now and then." And the stories about the creation of the world are colored by this same attitude. When the Almighty appears in the guise of a dove, the devil accompanies him as a duckling. Again when the Almighty comes out from a water lily, the devil approaches him and inquires:

"Who art thou, child?"

"I am God Saboath" -- and pointing upward -- "and that, up there, is the sun, my assistant."

One tradition even testifies to a sort of brotherhood between God and the devil, both drifting through the infinity of primeval waters. How they came to be together, no one could tell. But it is told that God said to the devil:

"Go and fetch some clay from the bottom of the sea."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF GOD AND THE DEVIL

The devil at once plunged, but instead of taking the clay in God's name, he took it in his own name; and the water washed away the clay. Once more he plunged, but in vain. But on the third plunge he thought of using both his own and God's name, and a little clay stuck under the nails of his fingers. Out of this God made a cake of earth, upon which He thought to rest a while. Being very tired He fell asleep. Then the devil whispered in his mind: "Now is my chance to get rid of Him." And he tried to drown God. But in whatever direction he pushed the clay, it stretched further and further under God's body.

ANIMAL LEGENDS IN ACCOUNTS OF CREATION

A number of animal legends are woven into the account of creation. Thus, from time immemorial, it has been considered a sin among the Rumanians to kill a frog or a tortoise; for in the beginning when all was water God asked the tortoise to dive and find out whether or not any e earth could be found. Obeying God, the tortoise presently returned, with some clay in its mouth, a sufficient sign for God to bid the waters to retire on both sides and let the earth come up.

1. THE TORTOISE

2. THE HEDGE-HOG

The hedgehog also had a share in the work of creation, and it is a grave sin to kill it. It appears that when God decided to fashion the earth, He took in His hands both woof and warp, and then while measuring the heaven he gave the warp to the hedgehog to hold. One version adds that the hedgehog held the warp loosely, so the earty exceeded the sky in size.

3. THE BEE

Thus, with the devil's cunning assistance, the earth expanded into an immense pancake; and due to the carelessness of the hedgehog it grew larger than the sky. The Creator was perplexed and annoyed. His good work might have been spoiled, had it not been for the kind bee. Passing the hiding place of the devil, the bee heard the evil one muttering to himself: "Clever He pretends to be -- this God, but look at His doings. Were I God, I should have crushed the earth in my arms, and so made it fit the sky." The bee hastened to inform God who too the hint, curshed the earth into its present form, with mountains, hills and valleys, and then rewarded the bee with a blessing that thereafter she might produce the honey and also the wax for church tapers. But before reaching God again, the bee met with a serious misfortune: the devil caught her, and struck her with a whip, nearly cutting her in two. That is why the bee looks so funny, with hardly any waist at all.

BELIEFS ABOUT THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

According to the Rumanian tradition, the creation of the world took place on a Tuesday. Therefore one must not proceed on a journey, or get married, or start anything important on that particular day. A proverb about anyone unlucky says: "As if he were born on Tuesday." When everything is going wrong, a Rumanian says: "All things upside down and the wedding on a Tuesday."

As for Saturday, one must not finish any work on that day, since it was the last day of creation. On Sunday, of course, God rested. Consequently, Sunday must be glorified with feasting and jollity. A Rumanian folk song runs as follows:

"Who drinks and makes merry
Never thinks of sin,
God Himself joyed
When He built the world:
But there was no one
To share in His Joy."

LEGENDS OF THE CREATION OF MAN AND WOMAN

1. THE TWO CLAY DOLLS

One of the various versions with regard to the creation of man and woman is to the effect that God created them because He was lonely. He fashioned two dolls out of clay, and breathed life into them. Another version says that it was the devil who first conceived the idea of the two clay dolls; but being unable to give life to them he asked the help of the Almighty. And that is why the body, with its many temptations, is under the sway of the devil.

2. THE MAN'S RIB

Still another story says that God created the first man in His, God's, own image -- then, partly following the Biblican tradition, the tale goes on to say that God took one of the man's ribs and left it for a space, in order to sew up the place from which the rib was taken. The devil, seeing the rib, transformed himself into a dog and stole it. When God turned round He saw the dog with the rib in its mouth. He ran and ran after the dog, until at crosspaths He got hold of the dog's tail. Now the dog pulling on one side and God on the other, the tail broke

loose altogether, and God, the tail in his hand, threw it down and said: "Let woman be made out of this."

5. ANOTHER VARIATION OF THE RIB LEGEND

There is also a version which says that after God had created the man He felt that the man must have a companion. Accordingly He called an angel to Him and spoke: "Go into the orchard where you will find the man asleep. Take a rib from his left side -- but do it gently, so as not to awaken him. Bring the rib to me." The angel found the sleeping man, and very softly took a rib from his left side. But when the angel returned he found that God Himself had fallen asleep. The angel did not dare to awaken Him and stood by the door waiting. The devil came in, and asked:

"Why do you stay outside the door, instead of going in?"

"I dare not awaken the Lord God," was the reply.

"What have you in your hand?" asked the devil.

"A rib."

"Pray, let me see it."

The angel unsuspecting gave him the rib; wherest the devil ran away with it. Followed by the frightened angel, the devil ran from place to place, avoiding his pursuer. Presently the devil hid in a hole, and the angel caught him by the tail. Pulling hard, the angel dislodged the devil's tail, but the devil remained deep in the hole.

"Now what am I going to say to God?" the angel lamented to himself, returning without the rib.

He found God still sleeping, and he said to himself: "I will wake Him up, and He may do whatever He thinks best with me." And so the angel cried: "Lord, Lord," and the Lord answered; with his eyes still shut: "Go away and let me sleep in peace."

"But, Lord, God, what ....?" the angel started to speak, when he was interrupted by God:

"Go away, go away -- and as for what you have in your hand, let it become even as I said, that is, a woman companion for the man."

And so the woman, according to this version, was made of the devil's tail.

THE LOW CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE

The Rumanian peasant mind considers the human female as a low creature indeed. The low and diabolical character of woman is further enhanced by the fact that she was supposed to have had amorous relations with the devil.

STORIES OF SUN AND MOON

The moon is supposed to be a beautiful maiden sister of the sun. A popular Christmas carol alludes to her as

"The little sister of the sun,
The fairies' little niece...."

And another song speaks of the moon in this fashion:

"Only the sister of the sun
Stands at the gate of paradise."

1. THE STOLEN BRIDEGROOM

And a folk-tale tells about the bridegroom who was carried away on the very night of his wedding. The distracted bride, suspecting the fairies, set out to find him. On her way she arrived at the palace of the Sun-God who answered to all her inquiries:

"My daughter, I know nothing of this rage, for I shine only by day, and your husband was carried away at night. You must go to the Moon-Goddess, my sister. She dwells on the other side of the world."

2. THE SUN AS THE LOVER OF HIS SISTER THE MOON

Then there is the legend alluding to the sun's attempt at an incestuous union with his own sister, the moon. The sun is supposed to have said:

"Little sister, gold-haired Ileana, let us plight our troth together."

To which the moon replied: "O, thou bright one, whoever has heard of a brother wedding his own sister?"

The sun darkened them and mounted to the throne of God praying that he might be allowed to marry her. Whereupon God showed the sun both hell and paradise, and bade him choose between the two. And the sun's reply was:

"Better hell than that I should ever be alone, without my sister, Ileana."

Then the sun went to his sister, and decked her with a jewelled robe and the crown of a queen. Descending to earth, they went to a church. During the ceremony the candles suddenly went out, the saints hid themselves, the priests fell on their knees, and the bride saw a hand stretched out. The hand seized her and threw her into the sea. The sun rose toward the west and flung himself into the sea after his bride. God took a fish in His hand, threw it up and changed it into the moon. Then God said in a thundering voice that they should gaze at each other from afar across the skies, and never meet again. Hence, when the moon shines, the sun sets; and when the sun rises, the moon hides in the sea.

mj

Antoinette Jackson.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

IN NOAPTEA CRĂCIUNULUI

Moș Crăciun pe inserate
A pornit-o spre oraș
Și la sania-i ușoară
A'nhămat un epuraș.

Drumurile-s troenite,
Noaptea vine gerul crește,
Cu urechile ciulite
Iepurașul se grăbește

Uite-o casă, colo'n vale,
Cu ferestre luminate..
Moșul s'a oprit din cale,
Cu toiagul in poarta bate.

Bună sară, Bună sară!
Am venit cu săniora
Si cu daruri proaspete,
Bucuroși de oaspete

Bucuroși! Bucuroși!
Strigă glasuri de copii,
Moșule de unde vii?

Iacă, vin din moși-strămoși
Incărcat cu jucării,
Și-am pornit la drum cu zorul
Să vă spun că'n noaptea asta
S'a născut Mântuitorul...
Na și ție!
Na și ție!
Inchinati-vă frumos
Domnului Isus Hristos.

Care'n paza lui vă ține.
Eu vă las de-acuma,
Că-i târzeu
Și-i drumul greu.

Și mai sunt în drumul meu,
Și alte case cu copii
Care așteapta jucării.
Să vă aibă'n pază Domnul!

Moșul a pornit la drum,
Pe copii îi fură somnul,
Și prin somn, ei văd acum,
Cum tot se suie și coboară
Prin troianul uriaș
Moș Crăciun cu'n epuraș
Inhămat la sănioara.

Source: Newspaper AMERICA. DEC. 12,1936.

A CHILD'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

SCRISOAREA UNUI COPIL CĂTRE MOȘ CRĂCIUN

Mult dorite Moș Crăciun,
Drag Moșneag blajin si bun,
Ce din lumea ta de nori,
Și pe geri și ninsori,
In cojoc de fulgișori
Si cu cosul incărcat,
Te strecori din sat in sat,
Zăbovind pe la ferești,
Mi te uiți și cercetezi,
De-s copii toți cuminți
Si de ascultă de părinți
Azi me-am pus de gând să'ți scriū,
Așa bine - cum știū
Să'ți spun - dragă Moș Crăciun
Că eū sunt un copil bun.
Pe părinții mei cintesc
Ii ascult și ii-i iubesc,
Câte-odată mă greșesc,
Dar atunci imi pare rāū,

Și mă rog lui D-zeu,
Să'mi dea minte să'nțeleg,
Binele din rău s'aleg.
Să fac numai ce-i frumos
Să fiu și eu de folos

Și acum uite te-aș ruga
-Cred că nu te-ai supăra-
Să-mi faci rost de jucării
Cum le dai la alți copii.
Și când treci calea in Ajun,
Dragul meu de Moș Crăciun,
Să le-așezi la noi in prag,
Să mi le găsesc sirag.
O sabie și-un chipiu,
O pușcă mititea
Să plec la războiu.

Un cal mic și sprintenel
Să mă duc in foc cu el.
Și de ți-o mai rămânea,
O trâmbiță frumușea
Și-o dobiță lângă ea.
Astfel eu din copil mic
M'aș face un soldat voinic.
Și'narmat ca un oștean,
Nu me-ar pasa de dușmani.

Nu uita ce te-am rugat
Darul meū, Tu Moș bogat!
Te sārut pe ochișori
Si pe māini de multe ori,
Spune-le la ingerei,
Cā ii sārut și pe ei,
Eu-s drāguț și frumușel,
Și mā chiamā JONEL.

Source: Newspaper "America". Dec. 22, 1936.

Carl Wilhelmson

The Roumanians of San Francisco

(unedited notes by former field workers)

The year in which people, who were born in Roumania, first began to emigrate to the United States is uncertain, but it was about the nineteen-eighties. The largest aggregation, or contigent, some one hundred and fifty, left Roumania in the year 1894, under the leadership of an idealistic young man, who was only about 17 years of age. Most of them were men of mature ages, and about one-half of them left their wives and children behind them with fond hopes, that not long after landing in the United States, they would send them the where-withall for the purpose of joining them in the new country.

That cluster of emigrants had a difficult time in reaching the United States, for the reason that none of them had sufficient money for transportation and the necessaries of life, for the entire trip.

But it was due chiefly to the efforts of their leader that they eventually reached the then open portals of entry of the United States. There were then no immigration quota laws.

The first link in their journey from various cities in Roumania to the United States broke asit were, when they reached Berlin; in other words, for lack of funds they could travel no further. But their leader, who, en passant, was a natural born idealist and poet, appealed to many of the wealtheir Jews in Berlin and he also wrote a letter to Baron de Hirsh i Paris, a man who gave all of his great wealth for various Jewish causes. His appeals were successful, and after a short delay all of the emigrants were provided with the necessary funds to continue their journey to America. At last they beheld the Statue of Liberty. The Statue of Liberty! What an overwhelming symbol it was for that handful of humah beings. Indeed, many of them shed

bitter tears while the steamer was passing the "Statue of Liberty," for it meant to them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Now the question presents itself, why did Roumanians, whether of Jewish, or of the Greek Orthodox faith, leave the country of their nativity wherein, truthfully speaking, the land is, at it were, overflowing with mild and honey? Indeed, Roumania is a sort of garden spot in Eastern Europe, and its land contains all sorts of mineral wealth, as well as yields annually untold wealth. For one thing, the wealth is owned by only a few families, and the vast majority of its inhabitants are objectly poor. Not only is the vast majority pauperized by the kingly dynasty, the Greek Orthodox Church and the few Boyars (Feudal Lords), but they are, in addition, denied the simplest natural human rights. The great majority have always been treated as chattel slaves, and always they were used as common fodder. Not only poverty and the lack of any liberty forced Roumanians to leave the country of their nativity and emigrate to other countries, and particularly to the United States. They knew that they never could attain natural rights as human beings, or to improve their economic conditions, in Roumania. When one speaks of the people who were born in Roumania, it is necessary to narrate the most glaring anachronism that prevails in that country in order to convey a clear idea as to the raison d'etre for the existence of such state of affairs.

The officially recognized religion of that country is known as the Greek Orthodox Christian religion; and while other religions, especially the Jewish, are also tolerated, yet the people who believe in the dogmas of the latter religions have practically no rights whatsoever. Thus there is a cleavage between the people of that country, the majority of course calling themselves "ROMANI" Roumanians, and those of Jewish faith are called "JIDANI" Sheenies instead of (Jews) (Ovfei) etc. So that a Jidan may be a Jew descendant of a Jewish ancestry all members of which may have been born and

lived and died in Roumania ever since this planet became an inhabitable world, yet in the eyes of officialdom and the Greek Orthodox Hierarchy and the "Crastini" (Christians) he is a "Jadan" (SHEENY). And being a Jew, he has no rights whatsoever, Moreover, such shildish notions, to say the least, keeps the Roumanians sharply divided socially, politically, economically, culturally, and otherwise.

It may sound strange too, and yet it is an outstanding fact that the sharp distiction between the Roumanian Christians and Roumanian Jews (There are a few other minorities besides the Jews in Roumania, but they are respectively too few in number, to deserve particular treatment) constrains the latter, solely for self protection, to be somewhat aggressive as well as ambitious. Hence in whatsoever field of human endeavor, whether commercial or professional, Roumanian officialdom permits or merely tolerates Jews to engage in, they are sure to qualify themselves thoroughly. And because Homo Sapiens (?) is still perhaps nine-tenths un-evolved, so to speak, ignorance, cupidity, jealousy and envy permeate his entire being, and the result is "the inhumanity of man to man."

Of course, in Roumania, like in any other country there are different classes of categories of Christians just as there are different classes or categories of Jews. In other words, some Christians have no objections to "break bread" as the saying is, with Jews, and vice versa. No country on earth is lacking at least a few truly cultured individuals who, pari passu, are also humanitarians. It is due chiefly to the few cultured individuals in every country, that the minority groups are not entirely exterminated. Be that as it may, however, the outstanding fact in Roumania is that Roumanians are not all people, but only those who believe in the Greek Orthodox Dogma or Faith, all others are strangers. But let a Jew fail

to present himself to a recruiting officer for conscription into the army when he attains the age of twenty-one years, and he will have to give some valid excuse for such neglect. Thus, then, the entire system of officialdom, or State and Church is incongrous and inhuman in Roumania.

For ages Jews have had their sbhools where one's children could acquire some sort of an education, whereas the masses of Christians had very few til 1911, and many a Jewish boy, who attended and graduated from the Jewish schools in Roumania went to Vienna or Berlin or Zuerich and became a Physician or a scientist for some useful field of human endeavor. His education, manners, outlook on life, etc., upon his return to Roumania made him more or less conspicuous, and of course, he was hated by most of the Christians.

Before the last world war students from the Balkan States, and particularly from Roumania went chiefly to Vienna, or Berlin, or Muenich, where the Universities in the two first mentioned cities offered the most thorough courses in medicine and the last mentioned city's art schools were renowned the world over. To the last mentioned city, students from every nation on earth could be found. Therefore, it was most natural for students to absorb some degree of character from one another. Indeed, even the respective points of view,. Whether about politics or religion, or economics, or sociology, or many other subjects kindred or remote, were more or less common property. Therefore, when the students returned to their respective native countries, they were more or less disatisfied with everything. And many of them became, as it were, rebels, or reds or pinks or what not.

The writer of this monograph has often asked herself the question, and often too she asked Professors of various Universities "why do not Universities give thourough courses in the three subjects in which the human family is most vitally interested, namely, History, Economics, and Sociology?

Why must one graduate from an University without hardly any knowledge about the three subjects mentioned? She of course could readily answer her own question, but she regrets that only one professor answered her question, whereas all the others were one-commital. The frank professor said: To give thorough courses in History, would offend and displease the priests of the various religions; to give thorough courses in Sociological subjects would offend and displease the politicians; and lastly, a thorough course on economics must also include the principles of Anarchy, Socialism, Communism and that would very much offend and displease the capitalists, who after all are the supporters of the higher institutions of learning. Heaven save the mark! That condition prevailed in every University of this planet up to the last war. Whether any of them do teach the three mentioned subjects since 1918, when the last war ceased, the writer is in no position to state.

It may sound strange, and yet it is a fact, that many Roumanians of the Greek Orthodox Faith, who suffered neither from pogroms nor anti-semitism, emigrated to the United States for only one reason, namely to get rich. In the 1890s rumors pervaded every nook and corner of Roumania that every one living in the United States is immensely rich. For, if one needed money, all he had to do, was to take as large a sack as he could carry filled with gold and it was his for the taking at any spot that he might chose to take it from. How such stories originated is difficult to say, but that many Roumanians believed them is positively true. The agents for the many steamship companies may have been responsible for that fable.

At one time the emigrants to the United States were a source of large prfit to both the agencies, who represented steamship companies, and the steamship companies themselves. Most, perhaps all tickets from a European port, chiefly Hamburg and Bremen, were bought from agents, who made a business of selling steamship tickets on an installment plan, and

their profits were immense. The steamship companies, on the other hand made large profits because the emigrants were fed mostly with herrings and potatoes. Nor were the quarters on the steamers, where the immigrants were herded like cattle, anything that could have been called accommodations. The "steerage" was then a sort of bullpen, and worse. Be that as it may, however, thousands of Roumanians emigrated to the United States, because they knew that they could be far better off in the latter country. And they have been. There is no doubt of that.

In the first place, young men coming to America are not constantly anxious and on the lookout for some petty officer of the army, whose duty it is to search for all who attained the age of twenty-one years and did not present themselves for conscription as soldiers, which is the case in Roumania. Secondly, a young man's father may be a tailor or rags-peddler, yet, the former, if he had the ambition, may become a doctor or lawyer, or any other kind ofprofessional man, in the United States, but in Roumania seldom could a young man rise to a higher level than attained by his father; in other words, every young man was supposed to follow in his father's footsteps, so to speak. And the few young men who succed in breaking that tradition, especially if they were of the Jewish faith, had difficulties.

The Roumanians, who came to the United States may be found in many cities. San Francisco has quite a large number of them. The original immigrants, of course, for one reason or another, are either small merchants, or peddlers, or mechanics, but their children, who came with their parents when young, or who were born in the United States, are mostly in the professions. Roumanians of Jewish extractions are so anxious that their children should attain an education, and especially to become professional men, that they will stop at nothing to secure the necessary funds for that purpose.

The writer has personally known of two mothers, who used to do the hardest kind of work in order to have money for their sons' education. The results have not proven altogether beneficial either to many of the young men themselves, or to the public. For the old proverb, namely "one cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear," holds true today. In other words, many of the professional men from immigration stock, whether of Roumanian, Italian, or French, or Polish, or Irish, or what not are far from being an honor or a benefit to their representative profession, because they are lacking the essential character, and many of them are wholly devoid of the principle of ethics, which should be the sine qua non of sincere and genuine professional men. Moreover, the professions have far too many more practitioners that the fields in which the practice can support. Of course, due to the numerous inventions, this is also true of mechanics, and even common laborers, but professional men must make a good appearance and also pay for tremendous overhead, neither of which is required of mechanics or common laborers. The result is that many of the professional men must, nolens volens, resurt to all sorts of questionable practices for the purpose of securing the money.

I mentioned above that there are in San Francisco many Roumanians; there are probably 400 or 500, but no one could tell exactly how many, because many of them live by and for themselves in various sections of the city. Besides, Roumanians of Greek Orthodox faith do not readily, if at all, mix with Roumanians of Jewish extraction. Only occasionally do some of both faiths get together at a picnic or a ball. The believers in the respective dogmas, or rather the so-called religious, have their separate organizations, those of Jewish extraction calling theirs "The American Union of Roumanian Jews." It is not a large organization. It probably has no more than 75

members, who meet from time to time at the call of its President. Most of the "Calls" are either for arranging a ball or picnic (whenever the funds in the treasury, are low or nill); or if there is any surplus money in its treasury, it is sent to Roumania for relieving the distress of Jews who still live there.

It may be strange to relate, but despite frequent and intense persecution there still are about one million Jews in Roumania of the present day. They seem to love the country no less than their Christian oppressors.

In almost every phase of human activity or in character, even in the matter of dress or food or dance or what not, there is a sharp cleavage and marked difference between the people of the Christian and often Jewish faith in Roumania, all due to none assimilation. For instance, all people born in that country are fond of good food, good music and a few good wines. No matter how simple the dish of food may be, it must be said to the credit of Roumanian females that they know how to cook. The food is most appetizing be it no more than a piece of Carp (of all fishes extant, the Roumanian of Jewish extraction particularly prefers the Carp), or a dish of corn-meal with sour cream or some kind of cheese the standard meal of the Roumanian "TARAN" peasant. Most of the females of Roumanian extraction are also good housekeepers although the appearance of some of them in the open are not very attractive either in their walk or dress or general make-up.

From an educational standpoint however their minds were literally speaking blanks, but so were also their husbands. Roumania may have changed its policy lately, but for many centuries, the Greek Orthodox Hierarchy did not permit the Roumanian politicians to establish universal education. There were only a few schools for the well-to-do- all of them established by and conducted by the "papas" (priests) but the masses were denied the right to learn the three "R" at least. For the masses, the Greek Orthodox priests

used to say, "ignorance is bliss." And no doubt it is for the priests, and their co-workers, the politicians.

Roumanians are of Latin origin, and therefore, they are very fond of music. There not being any of them with very muchsurplus wealth, they maintain neither a musical, nor any educational institution, in San Francisco, and I doubt if they maintain any of either class in any city in the United States. But whenever the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra or an Opera Company plays, one can find quite a few of Roumanian extraction in the audience. Even in the matter of music Roumanians are divided, that is to say, those of the Greek Orthodox faith prefer the folk-lore songs and the most simple dance-music, but not what we designate as "classical music" whereas those of Jewish extraction prefer "Kol Nidre" "Eli-Eli" etc., which are called strictly Jewish songs, but they also enjoy Beethoven, Tshaikovsky, List, Mozart, Chopin, Wagner, Verdi, etc. Of course, in Roumania there are a goodly number of Gypsy musicians, who are truthfully speaking, virtuosi solely with their hands and ears, but few of them know any musical notes. The latter seldom emigrate from Roumania, because the wine is good and cheap over there, and they can always secure a little corn-meal and vegetables for their meals. As for the clothing, they can either steal or buy them cheap.

The writer recalls the name of two composers in Roumania, and both of them were army band leaders. One whose name was Ivanovici, composed quite a few waltzes, but the most beautiful and universally liked one is knownas "The Waves of the Danube" (Not "The Beautiful Blue Danube", by Strauss). The other Roumanian composer wrote only one waltz and it is known as "My Heart Weeps." It was composed in a prison to which the composer and army band leader was sentenced for five years for slapping the face of a Colonel in public, for something or other. He wrote that waltz, as I said, while in prison; he dedicated it to "Carmen Sylva," the then queen consort of

of Roumania, and as soon as it was played for her, she send for the Composer and pardoned him. That waltz is seldom played in public, because once hearing that waltz played, and who is attuned to such melodies, sheds bitter tears.

Roumanian folk-lore originated in the dim past, for that country, like any other has a long-long and very obscure past. The country is rich in folk-lore and pupular superstitions. And, although Russian and Oriental influences were strong in the past, all its folk-lore as well as superstitions originated in that country, and are probably the result of Monkish influences. This is especially true of Roumanian music and peasant costumes. Each province of Roumania bears a distinct characteristic in the matter of music, and dress peculiar to it and none other, save and except as regards the "Doina " a plaintive and melancholy song dating from thetime of the Otoman and Greek influences, from about the year 1700 to 1821. The Roumanains in San Francisco stillsing the "Doina," and whenever they give a ball they dance the same dances as they did in Roumania, particularly the "Hora," a sort of "Paul Jones," but continued until they are all tired of jumping to the right and to the left monotonously.

Since the last world war young men and young women, who either came over when very young or who were born in the United States, have mixed and some of them intermarried with people f nations, other than Roumanian. In other words, the last generation has broken away, as it were, from traditional practices. Many of these youngsters may be found in the ranks of the blood-red, or the mere pinkish variety of the radical ranks. Therefore, marriage in the traditional sense means nothing to them. A few even believe in and practice "free love" not in the sense understood by philosophers. For many of the youngsters of Roumanian parents are University graduates, and quite a number of them, particularly of the male sex have read the best philosophical

works that may be found in a well stocked library. Whether or not after the lapse of a few more centuries the United States will have truly proven a "melting pot" and its citizens will be a humogenous class of people is difficult to say. Probably not. For it seems that only educated people abandon their traditional habits and ways of life, whereas all others seem to hold fast to their ancient beliefs, habits and practices, barring, of course, a few exceptional cases.

Most of the Roumanians, who came to the United States, are neither too well, nor too badly off, economically speaking: some few, of course, are being taken care of by charity organizations, especially since the depression began to play havoc with the people's resources and earnings. But most of them, whether able or not, stand on their own feet, as it were. That is to say, they depend for their living upon the sweat of their own brows. Probably not one of them eats caviar or chateau-briand, even occasionally, but Carp is cheap and so is also corn-meal. Hence none of them will die of starvation.

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Antoinette Jackson.
Research Assistant.

The biography of John Lupescu.

John Lupescu, age 4I, married, and the Father of three children, left his native country Roumania in I9I0 and emigrated to the United States.

At first he settled in New York, but on account of an affection of the throat, he was adviced to go to California. Having saved some money while working at his trade as a tailor, he was able to take his family with him and in due time arrived in San Francisco.

Tailoring was not Lupescu's original occupation. He learned that trade in New York. Before emigrating to the United States, he was a merchant on a small scale, but after spending sometime trying to secure a job in any kind of a mercantile establishment he was unsuccessful by reason of his inability to speak the English language. Therefore he paid an established tailor a specified sum to teach him the tailoring trade as well as the business end of it. In about one year he was able to take a customer's measure , cut the cloth, do some sewing, especially on the coat, and fit the garments. When the suit was finished not only was the customer well satisfied, but he himself had a tolable degree of pride. In other words, he tried his utmost ingenuity to become a master of the tailoring business.

With that equipment and a small amount of money after arriving to San Francisco he decided to open a small

store and shop of his own.

The first year Lupescu struggled hard to get a foothold, but he had no contacts. One day it was necessary for him to secure some papers of identification for transmissal to Roumania, where one of his uncles left him a small legacy. After making some inquiries he was advised to consult a Lawyer and he was directed to one of the most prominent ones in San Francisco.

He called at the Lawyer's office and before the interview ended the latter asked him: " Who made that suit of clothes you have on "? His answer naturally was "I myself", made it. I am a tailor.

Shortly therafter the Lawyer and two of his associates called upon Lupescu for a suit of clothes for each. It was not after the suits were delivered to the three Lawyers that Lupescu began to feel that his success was assured. Within one year he had enlarged both, his store and shop and instead of employing only two or three workmen he had to employ a dozen.

In 1917, his only son, who was handling the bookkeeping of Lupescu's tailoring business was drafted into the army and shortly thereafter was sent to France with the first contigent. Some three months thereafter Lupescu received notice to the effect that Michael Lupescu, age 24, was killed in an automobile accident. Thenceforward Lupescu lost all interest in his tailoring business as well

as his very life. For about one year his wife and one of his daughters did their utmost to keep up the prosperous tailoring business and they also engaged more or less competent assistance, but neither of them understood the art of tailoring, nor did the assistants whom they had engaged. Therefore they lost the best customers and they were about to quit entirely.

Fate and fortune, however, seemed to favor Lupescu. For the constant attention, care and devotion bestowed upon him by his other daughter brought him to an almost normal state of health. He was especially freed from an almost daily recurrence of a lasting melancholy; hence, gradually, he began to again take an interest in his business, and by keeping himself constantly occupied with one or another of the many phases and details of his business he fully recuperated. From time to time he sent circulars to his former customers and to may he made personal calls and in due time he not only saved his business, but he succeeded in regaining most of his customers.

In I925 both of Lupescu's daughters were married, one to a Lawyer and the other to a merchant. To each of his daughters he gave a wedding gift of Five Thousand Dollars. In I929, however, another sad event happened in Lupescu's life. First, his son-in-law, the merchant left his wife and two children destitute circumstamces, for parts unknown and the day before he disappeared he had assigned

his business to a Board of Trade for the benefit of his creditors. Secondly, his other son-in-law, the Lawyer,had a struck of paralysis and Lupescu had to provide the where-withall for that family of five. The lawyer succeede in bringing three offsprings into this world, or " Vale of tears".

It was impossible for Lupescu from I929 and thereafter to supply all the money required by, practically three families, therefore, after consulting with his wife, he decided to rent a large house where they all could live together and manage somehow. After all were established in the new home, about two months later, the Lawyer passed a-way.

Having done an extensive credit business, Lupescu gradually discovered that most of his customers were financially unable to pay their bills and new paying customers became scarcer as the days and weeks and months passed. Finally, not being himself able to meet his finan-cial obligations, he was obliged to turn his business over to the Board of Trade for the benefit of his creditors.

But Lupescu had nine mouths to feed and to shelter and to provide with other necessities of life, and how to do so, how to secure the necessary amount of money for the purpose, became his chief problem. He began call-ing upon every merchant tailor for any sort of work they might be in need or care to engage him for, but there was

no opening nor any chance of there being one. Gradually Lupescu lost all interest in life and became despondent. His wife and two daughters, however, managed to secure a few necessaries of life and also rent money through a charitable organization and in the course of time both daughters engaged in a small millinery business that became in a short time famous for its artistic ladies millinery, Having inherited from their father artistic tendencies, the two daughters not only developed them , but they also capitalized their ingenuity. In other words their business became profitable far beyond their expectations. After being in business only about three years they bought the home in which they lived, they sent theur Father and Mother on a long pleasure trip and they had two maids in their home, one to take care of the children, and one to be the housekeeper and cook.

It is perhaps needless to add that no charitable organization is refused a subscription by Lupescu's two daughters.

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Ressearch Assistant.

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The Biography of Ivan Sigur.

Ivan Sigur, 52 years old, was born in the City of Braila, Roumania, shortly after the surrender of the fortefied city of Plevna by the Turkish to the Russian army in 1878. His Father, Ilie Sigur was a Dragoman by profession, meaning in the English language an interpreter, having mastered 10 lan' guages before he was twenty-five years of age.

There was only one place at that time, where one could learn so many different languages, and that was around Egypt and the Red Sea during the building of the Suez Canal. People from all nations, especially workingmen, flocked to that part of the world, because those who could secure work and very few could not, were well paid. Some ofcourse were small tradesmen, and among them was Ilie Sigur.

After accumulating some money Ilie decided to return to Roumania on account of a raging eye disease, known to this day as Trachoma. This disease is chiefly caused by the sand that is carried long distances by the desert winds from Africa blowing towards the North-Eastern portion of that continent and also by the extreme heat prevailing there. At any rate, when he returned to his home in Roumania, Ilie Sigur found a male heir who was named after his Father, Ivan. He did not remain long in his home, however, for he was employed by the Russian Government to act as interpreter for the general staff of its army which

was then waging war against the Turks.

As soon as hostilities ceased, Ilie Sigur was discharged, and he again returned to his native city and country.

From the age of about sevenyears to his fif' teenth year,Ivan was kept in the best schools that money could procure for him to enter, but thereafter there was no school to which he could be sent in that city.

After consulting various Teachers, Ilie was adviced to send his son to either Crakow or Viena. Both cities were then in the Nation known as Austria-Hungary, but the former city was inhabited mostly by Polish people, whereas the latter city was predominently German.

Roumanians of that day were very friendly towards Germans, but not at all towards Polish people, therefore, Ilie decided to personally take his son to Viena.

In Viena Ivan was placed in a school where students were provided with board and lodging and such educational instruction as thoroughly prepared one for a University.

From about the middle of the nineteenth cen' tury to the beginning of the last World war life in Viena was unlike that of any other city on this planet. In the first place, everyone who could at all afford it, and very few could not,literally and figuratively, lived what we in the United States might characterize as "highlife". For what with its beautiful natural environments, its charming

and graceful women, its enchanting music, its thorough Bohemanism and Cosmopolitan atmosphere, its care-free peo' ple, Viena was a veritable heaven on earth. In this whirl-wind, so to speak, Ivan was left to take care of himself as best he might; and, he was only about eighteen years of age when he founf himself attached to a Vienese beauty who practically enslaved him to her heart's content and his own undoing.

To Ivan money was a great necessity in order to entertain his innamorata as well as provide her with all the luxuries and pleasures she craved, therefore he wrote to his Father very foten for money giving all sorts of reasons for needing it, but never the true facts. In time however his father suspected that something was wrong, and he decided to journey to Viena to make a personal investigation.

Ilie Sigur,as soon as he reached Viena, called at his son's school and his inquiry elicited the information that his son had not been seen for several days and no one could give him any clue as to where he might be found. The only thing he could do was to abide his time and watch the entrance to the school. Two days later about twelve o'clock noon Ilie's watchfulness was rewarded.

While standing in the courtyard and talking to one of his son's schoolmates, he noticed his son at a distance of about one hundred feet walking leisurly towards the entrance of one of the dormitory's.

As soon as his son had crossed the thresh - hold of the door through which he had entered, Ilie Sigur asked the young man with whom he was engaged in a conversation who lived within the dormitory to which he pointed and the answer was about fifty students among whom also lived Ivan Sigur. Thereupon Ilie asked the young man if he would mind showing him his son's room, and without a second's hesitation the latter did so. At the door, before entering, Ilie thanked the young man and they parted. Immediately after, no one being about in the hall Ilie gave one short knock on the door, and without waiting for the usual "entrée"(come in) was within the room with the door behind him closed. He went up to where his son was standing, who felt almost shocked and extended his hand saying ; " Son, I here come to pay you a visit. I have been called to an important business engagement that requires my personal presence". The only thing which the son could say was " Father, I am happy that you have come, and I hope that your business call will prove profitable. " Nothing more was said by either until they heard the sound of a bell. Ilie asked his son why the bell did ring at that time of day and he was informed that it was lunch time. At that Ilie a asked his son to join him for lunch at any restaurant where he was to go. The son however had made other engagements, and he said:Father dear, not to-day. I made an appointment for to-day's luncheon sometime ago with a few of my schoolmates and it would be dishonorable for me not to appear.

But I shall dine with you at the Kaisehoff Hotel at eight o'clock and shall remain with you just two hours, for at ten o'clock I must be back in the dormitory", Ilie betrayed no sign of displeasure, but on the contrary, he wished his son a pleasant time and departed.

After leaving his son, Ilie called on a private detective agency and procured the services of one of its men. His instructions to the detective were to follow his son after leaving the Kaisehoff Hotel and as soon as he had made certain where his son went to return to the hotel and report to him. The detective was given detailed information where father and son would be sitting in the lobby of the hotel from about 9 P.M. on, and prior to the son's departure the detective was to obtain, by himself, a full description of young SIGUR.

At about 9.50 P.M. the two Sigurs shook hands and each went his way, the father to his room and the son into the street. In front of the hotel young Sigur took a cab and the detective took the next one. Little dreaming that he was being pursued; in about fifteen minutes, young Sigur's cab stopped in front of a small house, paid the coachman and dismissed him. The detective made certain of the number of the house and immediately returned to the Kaiserhoff Hotel and reported to Ilie. What move to make next, Ilie could not decide at the moment, therefore he instructed the detective to find out who lived in the house where his son had gone and

to report to him the next day at noon.

The next day the detective reported that a young woman about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age lived in that house. She had been married and her support came from a young man, whose Father was a wealthy Roumanian. Her name was Margaret Schnitzler.

At about one P.M. young Sigur called at his father's hotel where they had aluncheon engagement. Before they went to the dining room young Sigur said: Father, before you leave Viena, I assume you will leave in a day or two, for Roumania, I wish you would leave me Two thousand Gulden (a Gulden or Ducat was the equivalent of about Fifty cents in United States money). I owe that much to various students for money borrowed and lost in foolish card games. Without giving any indication as to how his son's request for money affected him, Ilie told his son that it was time for lunch. During the luncheon Ilie asked his son what progress he has made in his studies and whether he had decided which one of the many professions he prederred to study. Young Sigur told his father that hr considered himself one of the best students in his class and that after graduating from that school he would prefer to enter a medical school. His ambition was to become a good surgeon. (The fact was that the Director of the school gave Ilie an unfavorable report regarding his son's standing in the class).

Luncheon being over, the two returned to Ilie's room. After a few moments Ilie said: " Son, you and I are leaving Viena to-morrow. Go to your dormitory and pack all your things. It is now 2.30 P.M. At 4 o'clock I shall call for you. Before you leave the school we shall call on the Director and settle the account to date, and from the students from whom you borrowed money, give me a list of their names and the amount of money you owe to each and when we reach home you will mail bank-drafts to all".

After listening to his father's instructions the young fellow could not utter a syllable. He almost fainted. All he could say was : " Why, father? " But Ilie had made up his mind to rescue his son from a youthful escapade and he was fully resolved on that step. Young Sigur knew that his father's decision could not possibly be overruled and to defy him was out of the question, therefore without saying a single word to any one, not even to his innamorata, he obeyed his father and the next day they were both on the way to Roumania.

When they reached home, Ilie had a confidential talk with his wife and about three weeks later they were all bound for the United States.

After landing in New York tey rested about one week and made preparations for their journey to San Francisco where Ilie had a brother, who had emigrated, some years previous.

After arriving in San Francisco, and in a

fatherly fashion, Ilie told his son all that he had learned about him while he was a student in Viena; nevertheless, if he was sincere in his decision to become a Surgeon he would give him another chance. Young Sigur assured his father that he was certain in his own mind that he wanted to become a Surgeon. In about seven years, at the age of about twenty-six years Ivan was a full fledged Physician and Surgeon. For some years he was quite successful. He married when thirty years old and has two children, one son and one daughter. Shortly after the collapse of the stock market in 1929 his wife died and ever since he has had great difficulty in obtaining sufficient income from his medical practice to secure at least the necessities of life for himself and his two children. He is competent in his profession, industrious, and free from vices. His few remaining patients cannot afford to pay him, and his children can secure no remunerative work. They are both taking commercial courses in night schools.

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The Vladimirescu Interview.

Ghica Vladimirescu was born in Braila, Roumania. When he was about six years of age, he asked his father to buy a violin in order that he might learn to play that instrument. It seems that Ghica was a lover of music. Old man Vladimirescu, however, refused to yield to the youngster's entreaties upon the ground that he did not want a gypsy in the family. Now it is true that most musicians, especially the good ones, in Roumania were at one time mostly gypsies, and therefore, it was not in accordance with social custom for a white boy to study music and to play any musical instrument. Girls on the other hand ~~and~~ of the wealthier class, might be instructed to play the Piano, but a boy's career was destined

for more unesthetic vocations. Not having been able to persuade his father to change his mind the youngster continued his studies in a private school until he reached the age of about 17 years, when, taking advantage of his father's absence he closed his books and left the school for good. Thereupon he enlisted in the army with the express understanding that he was to be attached to any regiment's musical band in order to become a musician.

But Ghica being too ignorant and with no experience whatsoever in worldly matters, he learned too late that an army musical band had neither string nor piano musical instruments, therefore, he had to learn to play the next best (or worst?) musical instrument which, according to the Musical Band's conductor, was a Clarinet. Not many months elapsed

before the new ~~musical~~ recruit mastered that instrument; ~~indeed~~, the Band's conductor was so pleased with his pupil that the former gave the latter the privilege of his own home, where **most of the** music was written for the respective musical instruments from a score. (The art of printing music was not in full use at that time.) And when the conductor was certain that his new pupil was acquainted with the ranges of every musical instrument, the former often gave the baton to the latter to lead the band.

For about two and one half years Ghica was a musician in an army musical band in Roumania, and during most of that time his father tried his utmost to dissuade him from continuing such unprofitable as well as socially despised vocation, but the former continued with his career upon the ground that he could **not** secure his discharge, when a new angle developed.

Ghica's mother divorced his father, married again, and shortly thereafter emigrated to the United States and established themselves in New York. For about fifteen years Ghica had not heard from his mother and one day a letter was delivered to the ~~former~~ father from ~~the latter~~ wherein she wrote to the effect that she would provide him with all the necessary transportation if he will ask for his discharge from the army musical band and come to the United States where he could become almost anything he desired. After consulting with his father regarding the contents of his mother's letter, father and son agreed that it would be best for the latter's future to accept his mother's offer. Accordingly after considerable effort Ghica was discharged from the army, and in the year 1871 he emigrated to the United States.

Ghica, when he arrived in

the United States spoke Roumanian, French, and German fluently, but hardly a word of the English language. Nevertheless, he applied himself industriously to the study of ~~the~~ English ~~language~~, and after about one year in the United States he not only could speak and write ~~the~~ English language well, but he passed a rigid examination before the Board of Regents of the State of New-York and secured a certificate certifying that he was capable of registering as a Law Student in any university in the State of New-York. Thereafter he, did matriculate at a university, and after studying two years (The ten required period of study for a license to practice Law), he was graduated with the degree of L.L.B. Thereafter, Ghica ~~became~~ too ambitious. He was not quite content with being a Lawyer: he wanted to be a

Medico-legal expert; therefore, he had to begin the study of medicine, in order to obtain the degree of M. D. Accordingly, he began to study medicine, and after four years the degree of M. D. was conferred upon him. Then it dawned upon him that as a Medico legal expert he would not be able to earn enough to keep the proverbial wolf away from his door, therefore, he engaged in the practice of medicine exclusively. But, to his great regret he had no liking whatever for either scalpels or placebos, and after practicing about seven years he quit that profession. For sometime thereafter he tried his hand at writing, but his then environment was against him and he lacked the will power to change his environment. Thereafter, he wrote comments on the decisions of the courts of last resort of the 48 States for about two years, and for the last 25 years he has been engaged

in the practice of Law. To be honest about it, Ghica must confess that he not only does not shine as a Lawyer, but he sometimes does not know how to keep the "wolves" away from his door. His opinion is: Parents should ascertain what a child likes to become in the complicated conditions of human society, and to yield to his yearning.

Miss Nicoluescu was born in Bucarest, the Capital of Roumania, which is a beautiful city. One long shopping street, known as Calea Victoriei extends from the Chaussee to the river. The Palace and two big hotels are situated on that street. There are numerous shops, which flaunt superfluities at profitable prices.

Some of the Roumanians who live in the larger cities are rich and love to dawdle in the hotels and cafes at noon and afternoon drinking "Tuica" and lounging--men and women alike--against the plate-glass windows, which reflect both their own profiles and the silhouettes of passers-by. Street cabs roll smoothly here on rubber tires, and the coachmen resplendent in blue velvet and scarlet sashes have a regal appearance. Life is childishly simple. They wake late in the morning, and stroll towards the Chaussee at twelve.

Bucarest has several parks, two are pretty and one alone is fashionable. This latter is the Chaussée, a sort of "Champs Elysees" but it leads out into the open country instead of towards a Bois. Here lead all roads where motors travel, and here, towards evening end all Roumanian "perfect days", for the whole population of the town drives or strolls in the sunset.

The hotels are primitive for a country which inclines instinctively towards display of luxury.

The house in which Miss Nicoluescu dwelt was very comfortable and they had two servants. She belonged to a family who enjoyed a

good reputation. Her father was a highly intellectual man. He was a newspaper writer, and her mother was also an educated lady. Both of them tried to give their six children (two girls and four boys) a good education. Her mother spent all of her time guiding and teaching them the meaning of honor, morality, cooperation as well as to see clearly the real interests and results of their deeds.

She (Miss Nicoluescu) was the oldest of the girls. On her twelfth birthday her dear father died suddenly, and soon their troubles began. The money the father left dwindled away quickly. Her mother, who was brought up in luxury, and during her marriage also had more than the necessary daily needs faced the situation discouragingly.

After a few years of struggle and despair, the informant's oldest brother (Gluica) went to the United States. He remained in New York, where he got a position in a bank as foreign correspondent. Depriving himself of almost everything he saved up enough money to send a ticket for his sister.

Arriving in New York she met with nothing but reverses. She could not get an office position as she expected to do before leaving for the United States, nor any other suitable position. She therefore had to take a maid's job, which made her feel somewhat inferior in her own estimation. For several years she worked as hard as she could, going also to night school, and having saved up some money she came out to San Francisco, hoping to ameliorate her situa-

tion. But to her great regret she met only with disappointments until last year, 1933, when she got a position as secretary with the C.W.A. and when that was discontinued she was transferred to another Federal position.

Last time I saw her she exclaimed: I can't tell you how happy I am at present, and the cause of it is that I do the work I love to do. I am content and contentment is the basis of happiness.

X was born in Caracatu, Roumania of middle class people. His father was in the police force. He says he remembers little of importance that happened before his eighth year. He went to private schools until he was sixteen. Then he came to New Orleans with friends. He made his way to California and is now working as a cook.

His wife was born in Ioesti of Hungarian and Roumanian parents. Her father was a foundry worker. From her mother and in school she learned needle work. Always fond of housework, she came here as a housemaid. Nothing can induce her to go back as she likes it here very much. She is insisting that things are better and as she talks you hear often her remark, "I don't know; who knows."

The pair are planning to visit Roumania soon. The parents are no longer living, but brothers and sisters that did not want to come here are still there.

The boys in Roumania are not so interested in sports as they are here. Gymnastics is about the only sport. There is not much recreation there as studies during school terms take up almost all of the free hours. Girls are very industrious. Often you see spinning wheels busily at work. All is hand work. The girls do very much embroidery in color. Black, red, yellow and many bright colors are used to make necessary clothing. All is

made out of linen and embroidered. They start on their trousseau when about six years old. All their work is greatly treasured. Even the linens for men's shirts are embroidered in color.

In the city of Buzen, Roumania, there dwelt a family whose members were envied by everyone who knew them. There were many good and sufficient reasons for envying them, but two of them were outstanding. The first reason was the fact that the head of that family, Mr. Michael K. was a successful business man, and the second reason was the acknowledged good character and super-intelligence of every member of that family.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. K., two sons and two daughters. One of the sons, after finishing a Lyceum course (some fifty years ago, a Lyceum course in Roumania was equivalent to a high school plus two years of a University course, in the United States), was sent to Munich, Germany, to study the art of portraiture; the other son was employed in his father's business which was known as an apothecary.

The older daughter was given in marriage to one of her father's employees who occupied the position of book-keeper and cashier; with that marriage went a large dowry. Shortly after the marriage, the young couple decided to establish themselves in a similar business to that of the young bride's father in another city. They selected for their future residence and business activity, a city known as Galatz and in due time they departed. Between the date of the young couple's marriage and the date of the opening of their own business establishment, some ten months el-

apsed. Being a new establishment amongst many older ones, the couple had dissipated their entire dowry and they appealed to the bride's father for more financial assistance. This the latter readily granted. But the longer the young couple remained in business, the worse became their financial condition.

One day the young husband told his wife that she must again appeal to her father for financial assistance and this she declined to do. Thereupon the husband gave his wife a terrible beating and threatened to leave her. Being a woman of refinement and good sense, and knowing the stigma that people would attach to herself, as well as the great grief that would befall upon her parents in the event that her husband left her, she yielded; and again, for the fourth time, appealed to her father for money. This process of beating his wife and threatening to leave her continued about three years. When the last appeal was made, the father confessed to his daughter and to his son-in-law that he could no longer advance any money, for the reason that the heavy advances he had made to them exhausted his credit and virtually made him a bankrupt. The very next day the young son-in-law disappeared.

Being grief-stricken at the turn matters took, the daughter told her father the reasons for her several appeals to him, and left everything to his own judgment. There was nothing else for the father to do than to close up the establishment and take his daughter back. But Mr. K. was indeed a bankrupt and not long af-

ter he took back his daughter and her one child, the creditors closed his business and a bankruptcy court disposed of it. Thus, after a successful business career during a period of about thirty years, Mr. K. and his family were faced by abject poverty, and aside from the poverty, that once envied family were grief and panic stricken from shame and humiliation.

To remain in Buzen and struggle with poverty as well as face old acquaintances and friends, was out of the question. Therefore, after a family consultation which included a step-brother of Mr. K.'s, it was decided that they should try to secure the necessary funds for their emigration to the United States. At that meeting Mr. K.'s step-brother promised to secure for them the required sum. In about six weeks, the entire K. family left their birthplace and native country for the friendly shores and melting pot of this entire planet Earth, namely, the United States of America.

When they landed in the United States all of Mr. K.'s children were of age, and the youngest daughter was about twenty years of age. The son who was a student at one of the Munich art schools, joined them at Berlin; he was twenty-five years of age. The younger son was twenty-two years of age.

Shortly after arriving in the United States they all sought and secured some kind of employment. Mr. C. became a peddler. After residing and working in New York City about one year the younger son went to Seattle where, in a very short time, he suc-

ceeded in establishing a furniture business which proved successful from the very beginning. The elder son who had some talent as a portrait painter went to Hollywood and in a short time, secured employment as a scenic painter in one of the movie studios. With both sons in the West, Mr. and Mrs. K. did not feel very contented in New York City, and having saved some money, Mr. K. decided to move to California. After conveying the information to his two sons of his decision, the elder son suggested to his father to locate in San Francisco where he intended to join the family.

Painting scenery, he admitted, was not to his liking, and therefore decided to quit. In San Francisco both father and son engaged in the business of manufacturing neckties. The business prospered until the year 1929.

Early in the year 1929, Mr. K. passed away, and, due to the depression, the younger K. had to liquidate the business. However, all of the members of that family were contented and happy ever since they came to the United States.

Mr. K. left surviving him, his wife, the two sons and four grandchildren. Two of the grandchildren, a son and daughter of the more or less artistic son graduated as architects, and today well established in their profession.

Antoinette Jackson.
Words 545.

TREASURES OF QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA

At the Palace of the Legion of Honor, one may see a remarkable collection of royal Rumanian souvenirs, the gifts of Queen Marie of Rumania.

There is a spacious drawing-room, which glitters with golden furniture from Marie's palace of Sinai, Rumania.

In a corner stands the Queen's golden throne chair, covered, as is the other furniture, with pure gold leaf. Each of the pieces was designed by the Queen and carved under her direct supervision. One of the chairs she sculptured herself, when she was Crown Princess.

Across the table lays a mantle of gold cloth, Marie wore that at the coronation of the late Czar of Russia. It cost 150,000 francs.

Nearby on a crimson velvet cushion, lays the original model of Marie's crown, encrusted with semiprecious stones. The diadem is of her own designing.

The collection also embraces Marie's personal collection of souvenirs from various European rulers.

Among them are a curious old bracelet given to Queen Victoria by the Prince Consort as a memento of the old palaces and castles in Coburg

THE GIFTS OF QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA

At the Palace of the Legion of Honor one may see a remarkable collection of royal Rumanian souvenirs, the gift's of Queen Marie of Rumania.

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In a corner stands the Queen's golden throne chair, covered, as in the other furniture, with pure gold leaf. Each of the pieces was designed by the Queen and carved under her direct supervision. One of the chairs she sculptured herself, when she was Crown Princess.

Across the back lays a mantle of mail cloth, Marie wore that at the coronation of the late Czar of Russia. It cost 150,000 francs.

Nearby on a crimson velvet cushion, lays the ceremonial medal [illegible] of her own designing.

[illegible]

Among them are a curious old bracelet given to Queen Victoria by [illegible]

belonging to his family. Its links are miniatures of these places.

A jeweled crochet hook with which Queen Marie crocheted hundreds of woolen caps for poor children.

A golden cigarette case given to Marie as a Christmas present by the officers of her regiment.

Heavy golden and jeweled locket, with portraits of Queen Victoria and her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, given by her Majesty to the old governess who brought up the daughter.

Inscribed locket given to Marie by her grandmother, Queen Victoria, on the death of the Prince Consort.

Locket with portrait of Marie's grandfather, Emperor Alexander II, who was assassinated by Nihilists in St. Petersburg, March 1881. Gift of Queen Victoria.

Brooch given to Marie, when she was bridesmaid to her aunt, Princess Beatrice, upon her marriage to Prince Henry of Battenberg.

Small gold brooch given to Marie when a child by her father, the Duke of Edinburgh, when he was commander of the Mediterranean fleet.

Brooch given Marie by Queen Victoria on her golden jubilee.

A dagger once belonging to King Edward VII.

The golden pen with which King Carol of Rumania signed the order for the opening of the great bridge over the Danube.

The pen with which Marie signed the opening of the Children's Hospital in 1921.

A medal given to Marie the first year she passed in Rumania.

Seal with old Greek cameo, once belonging to Czar Nicholas II. of Russia.

Miniature of the Coliseum in Rome, once belonging to Marie's father.

Bag worked by Queen Carmen Sylva especially for Marie.

Curious brooch, given to Queen Carmen Sylva by her aunt, the old Queen of Sweden.

Scottish badge worn by Marie's father when he was a boy.

Old purse in which Queen Carmen Sylva carried her tatting shuttles.

Queen Carmen Sylva's wedding handkerchief.

A pair of tiny gloves belonging to Princess Marie of Rumania, daughter of Queen Carmen Sylva, who died at the age of 4.

Notebook in which Queen Carmen Sylva wrote some of her last verses.

Enameled box given to Marie by the King of Sweden.

Relief portrait of Czar Alexander I. of Russia.

Pincushion made by Princess Katherina of Greece at the age of 10.

Fan used by Queen Carmen Sylva at the last public function.

A medal given to Marie the first year she passed in Kamnia.

Seal with old Greek cameo, once belonging to Czar Nicholas II.

Miniature of the Dollhouse in Zoma, once belonging to Marie's father.

Curious brooch, given to Queen German Sylva by her aunt, the old queen of Sweden.

Scottish badge worn by Marie's father when he was a boy.

Old purse in which Queen German Sylva carried her tatting shuttles.

Queen German Sylva's wedding handkerchief.

A pair of tiny gloves belonging to Princess Marie of Kamnia, daughter of Queen German Sylva, who died at the age of 4.

Notebook in which Queen German Sylva wrote some of her last verses.

Enameled box given to Marie by the King of Sweden.

Fine embroidery made by Princess Katharina of Greece at the age of 16, used by Queen German Sylva at the last public function.

she attended before she became a widow.

Ivory paper knife used by Queen Carmen during during the last days of her life.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MULLER

John Muller, a native of Bucharest, Roumania, was an only son of a widowed mother. His education was superlative, to say the least. He not only had a thorough academic education, but he could also speak and write, fluently, six languages beside his own native Roumanian language.

At the age of twenty-four, he became a clerk in one of the largest banks of Bucharest and in the course of about two years he rose to the position of head of the department of Foreign Exchange.

The last World War, however, caught him as it were, in its grip; that is to say, he was drafted into the Roumanian army, despite the fact that he was the only son as well as the sole breadwinner of his widowed mother.

In due time, he was sent to one of the trenches where he lay, mostly in mud and well nigh starvation, for eight months. During that time he contracted various physical ailments, but chiefly a chronic one of indigestion. He could retain absolutely nothing of any food that he ate, and eventually became almost a corpse.

Having given up hope of either release from the trench or medical relief, he began to scheme how to escape from his predicament. He decided to desert the army. He could not, however, make up his mind how or by what means he might escape. After consider-

able mental speculation, he decided to take a chance and attempt to fraternize with some of the Russian soldiers, who occupied an opposite trench. By means of tobacco and various rations of food which he pilfered from some of his comrades, he succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good graces of a Russian Captain. It was not long before he found himself within Russian territory and also with a Russian Captain's uniform on his back. Thenceforward, although his movements through territory were slow, yet he succeeded, after about six months, in reaching Vladivostok. His chief aid, of course, was the fact that he spoke the Russian language fluently. He also had various credentials forged, of course, with which his Russian benefactor provided him.

From Vladivostok he hitched-hiked to Harbin, and after many months walking and travelling through he secured passage upon a freighter bound for the United States.

In 1916 he landed in the United States at San Francisco, sick, penniless and friendless. But one of Muller's type and background, both educationally and socially, immediately found himself surrounded by many friends, all of whom were of his own nationality.

For a period of about three months he was provided with all the necessaries of life, and some measure of entertainment, and to all appearances he had fully recovered. Thenceforward, the question confronted his friends what occupation he should embark

upon. It was out of the question for him to do heavy physical labor on account of his delicate health. Each friend proposed a different occupation until one of them suggested the securing of advice from a lawyer, a Roumanian by birth, who had not heard of Müller.

After consulting with the lawyer, the latter inquired into John Müller's business experiences in the past which led him to conclude that his client might secure a position in a bank. Thereupon the lawyer gave Müller a letter of introduction to the manager of a large San Francisco Bank, and the very next day he was at work as one of the many assistants in the Foreign Exchange Department.

Müller's salary was only ninety dollars per month the first year; the second year the bank paid him ninety-five dollars per month. During his second year with the bank, the latter acquired a new bank in one of the large Eastern cities, and the very manager who had given him employment was transferred to manage it. Thereupon Müller asked to be transferred also to the Eastern branch, and his request was granted. His salary with the bank in the East was one hundred five dollars per month.

After about six months with the Eastern bank, another bank in that city offered Muller the chief clerkship of its Foreign Exchange Department at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. Needless to say, Müller immediately took up his new position, and for

a period of two years held it with entire satisfaction to his employers as well as himself.

For reasons which will never be known, however, Muller's trench ailment began to recur, and despite the proper medical care and attention, he succumbed on account of a spontaneous attack of acute indigestion.

While an employee with a large salary he had himself well insured for the benefit of his mother, who survived him and who is still residing in Roumania.

John Muller had fully intended to bring his mother to the United States, but in the words of one of our wise ancestors, "Man proposes and God disposes," or words to that effect.

John Lupescu, age forty-one, married, and the father of three children, left his native country Roumania in 1910 and emigrated to the United States.

At first he settled in New York, but on the account of an infection of the throat, he was advised to go to California. Having saved some money while working at his trade as a tailor, he was able to take his family with him. In due time they arrived in San Francisco.

Tailoring was not Lupescu's original occupation. He acquired that trade in New York. Before emigrating to the United States, he was a merchant on a small scale. After spending some time trying to secure a job in any kind of a mercantile establishment he was unsuccessful because of his inability to speak the English language. Therefore he paid an established tailor a specified sum to teach him the tailoring trade as well as the business end of it. In about one year he was able to take a customer's measure, cut the cloth, do some sewing, especially on coats, and fit the garments. When the suits were finished not only were the customers well satisfied, but he himself had a certain degree of pride. In other words, he tried his utmost ingenuity to become a master of the tailoring business.

With that equipment and a small amount of money after arriving in San Francisco, he decided to open a small store and shop

of his own.

The first year Lupescu struggled hard to get a foothold, but he had no contracts. One day it was necessary for him to secure some papers of identification for transmissal to Roumania, where one of his uncles had left him a small legacy. After making some inquiries he was advised to consult a lawyer and he was directed to one of the most prominent ones in San Francisco.

He called at the lawyer's office and before the interview ended the latter asked him: "Who made that suit of clothes you have on?" Lupescu's answer naturally was "I made it myself. I am a tailor."

Shortly thereafter the lawyer and two of his associates called upon Lupescu for a suit of clothes for each one. It was not not after the suits were delivered to the three lawyers that Lupescu began to feel that his success was assured. Within one year he had enlarged both his store and shop and instead of employing only two or three workmen he had to employ a dozen.

In 1917, his only son, who was handling the bookkeeping of Lupescu's tailoring business was drafted into the army and shortly afterwards was sent to France with the first contingent. Some three months thereafter Lupescu received notice to the effect that Michael Lupescu, age twenty-four, was killed in an automobile accident. Thenceforward Lupescu lost all interest in his tailor-

ing enterprise as well as even his life. For about one year his wife and one of his daughters did their utmost to keep up the prosperous tailor shop and they also engaged more or less competent assistance, but neither of them understood the art of tailoring, nor did the assistants whom they had hired. Therefore they lost the best customers and they were about to quit entirely.

Fate and fortune, however, seemed to favor Lupescu. The constant care and devotion bestowed upon him by his other daughter brought him to an almost normal state of health. He was atleast freed from the almost daily recurrence of a lasting melancholy. Hence, he gradually began to again take an interest in his business, and by keeping himself constantly occupied with one or another of the many phases and details of his business he fully recuperated. From time to time he sent circulars to his former customers, making many personal calls, and in due time he not only saved his business, but he succeeded in regaining most of his customers.

In 1925 both of Lupescu's daughters were married, one to a lawyer and the other to a merchant. To each of his daughters he gave a wedding gift of five thousand dollars. In 1929, however, another sad event happened in Lupescu's life. First, his son-in-law, the merchant, left his wife and two children in destitute circumstances for parts unknown, and the day before he disappeared he had assigned his business to the Board of Trade for the bene-

fit of his creditors. Secondly, his other son-in-law, the lawyer, had a stroke of paralysis and Lupescu had to provide the means of living for that family of five.

It was impossible for Lupescu from 1929 and thereafter to supply all the money required by practically three families; therefore, after consulting his wife, he decided to rent a large house where they all could live together and manage somehow. After all were established in the new home, the lawyer passed away within two months.

Having done an extensive credit business, Lupescu gradually discovered that most of his customers were financially unable to pay their bills and new paying customers became scarcer as the days and weeks and months passed. Finally, not being himself able to meet his financial obligations, he was obliged to turn his business over to the Board of Trade for the benefit of his creditors.

But Lupescu had nine mouths to feed and to shelter, and to provide with the other necessities of life. How to do so and how to secure the necessary amount of money for the purpose, became his chief problem. He began calling upon every merchant tailor for any sort of work they might be in need of or care to engage him for, but there was no opening nor any chance of there being one. Gradually Lupescu lost all interest in life and became despondent. His wife and two daughters, however, managed to se-

cure a few necessities of life and also borrowed money through a charitable organization and in the course of time both daughters engaged in a small millinery business that became famous for its artistic ladies' millinery. Having inherited from their father artistic tendencies, the two daughters not only developed them, but they also capitalized their ingenuity. In other words, their business became profitable far beyond their expectations. After being in business only about three years they bought the home in which they lived, sent their father and mother on a long pleasure trip, and were able to hire two maids in their home, one to take care of the children, and one to be the housekeeper and cook.

It is perhaps needless to add that no charitable organization is refused a subscription by Lupescu's two daughters.

Ivan Sigur, fifty-two years old, was born in the city of Braila, Roumania, shortly after the surrender of the fortified city of Plevna by the Turkish to the Russian army in 1878. His father, Ilie Sigur, was a dragoman by profession, meaning in the English language an interpreter, having mastered ten languages before he was twenty-five years of age.

There was only one place at that time, where one could learn so many different languages, and that was around Egypt and the Red Sea during the building of the Suez Canal. People from all nations, especially workingmen, flocked to that part of the world, because those who could secure work, and very few could not, were well paid. Some were small tradesmen, and among them was Ilie Sigur.

After accumulating some money Ilie decided to return to Roumania on the account of a raging eye disease, known to this day as trachoma. This disease is chiefly caused by the sand that is carried long distances by the desert winds from Africa blowing towards the north-eastern portion of that continent and also by the extreme heat prevailing there. At any rate, when he returned to his home in Roumania, Ilie Sigur found a male heir who was named after his father, Ivan. He did not remain long in his home, however, for he was employed by the Russian Government to act as interpreter for the general staff of its army which

was then waging war against the Turks.

As soon as hostilities ceased, Ilie Sigur was discharged, and he again returned to his native city and country.

From the age of about seven years to his fifteenth year, Ivan was kept in the best schools that money could procure for him to enter, but thereafter there was no school to which he could be sent in that city.

After consulting various teachers, Ilie was advised to send his son to either Crakow or Vienna. Both cities were then in the country known as Austria-Hungary, but the former city was inhabited mostly by Polish people, whereas the latter city was predominently German.

Roumanians of that time were very friendly towards Germans, but not at all towards Polish people, so therefore, Ilie decided to personally take his son to Vienna.

In Vienna Ivan was placed in a school where students were provided with board and lodging and such educational instruction as would thoroughly prepare one for a university.

From about the middle of the nineteenth century to the beginning of the last war, the World War, life in Vienna was unlike that of any other city on this planet. In the first place, everyone who could at all afford it, and very few could not, literally and figuratively, lived what we in the United States might call the "highlife." With its beautiful natural environ-

ments, its charming and graceful women, its enchanting music, its thoroughly Bohemian and cosmopolitan atmosphere, its care-free people, Vienna was a veritable heaven on earth. In this whirlwind, so to speak, Ivan was left to take care of himself as best he could. He was only about eighteen years of age when he found himself attached to a Viennese beauty who practically enslaved him to her heart's content and to his own undoing.

To Ivan, money was a great necessity in order to entertain his innamorata as well as provide her with all the luxuries and pleasures she craved; therefore he wrote to his father very often for money, giving all sorts of reasons for needing it, but never the true facts. In time however, his father suspected that something was wrong, and he decided to journey to Vienna to make a personal investigation.

Ilie Sigur, as soon as he reached Vienna, called at his son's school and his inquiry revealed the information that his son had not been seen for several days and no one could give him any clue as to where he might be found. The only thing he could do was to abide his time and watch the entrance to the school. Two days later about twelve o'clock noon, Ilie's watchfulness was rewarded.

While standing in the courtyard and talking to one of his son's schoolmates, he noticed his son at a distance of about one hundred feet walking leisurely towards the entrance of one of the

dormitories.

As soon as his son had crossed the threshold of the door through which he had entered, Ilie Sigur asked the young man with whom he was engaged in a conversation, who lived within the dormitory to which he pointed. The answer was about fifty students, among them being Ivan Sigur. Thereupon Ilie asked the young man if he would mind showing him his son's room, and without a second's hesitation, the latter did so. At the door, before entering, Ilie thanked the young man, and they parted. Immediately after, no one being about in the hall, Ilie gave one short knock on the door, and without waiting for the usual "Entree!" (come in!), was within the room with the closed door behind him. He went up to his where his son was standing, who felt almost shocked, and extended his hand, saying: "Son, I have come to pay you a visit. I have been called to an important business engagement that requires my personal presence." The only thing which the son could say was "Father, I am happy that you have come, and I hope that you business call will prove profitable." Nothing more was said by either until they heard the sound of a bell. Ilie asked his son why the bell rang at that time of day, and he was informed that it was lunch-time. At that Ilie asked his son to join him for lunch at any restaurant he wished to go. The son however had made other engagements, and he said: "Father dear, not today. I made an

appointment for to-day's luncheon sometime ago with a few of my schoolmates and it would be dishonorable for me not to appear. But I shall dine with you at the Kaisehoff Hotel at eight o' clock and shall remain with you just two hours, for at ten o' clock I must be back in the dormitory". Ilie betrayed no sign of displeasure, but on the contrary, he wished his son a pleasant time and departed.

After leaving his son, Ilie called on a private detective agency and procured the services of one of its men. His instructions to the detective were to follow his son after leaving the Kaisehoff Hotel and as soon as he had made certain where his son went to return to the hotel and report to him. The detective was given detailed information where father and son would be sitting in the lobby of the hotel from about nine P.M. on, and prior to the son's departure the detective was to obtain, by himself, a full description of young Sigur.

At about 9:50 P.M., the two Sigurs shook hands and each went his way, the father to his room and the son into the street. In front of the hotel young Sigur took a cab and the detective took the next one. Little dreaming that he was being pursued, in about fifteen minutes, young Sigur's cab stopped in front of a small house, paid the coachman and dismissed him. The detective made certain of the number of the house and immediately returned to the Kaiserhoff Hotel and reported to Ilie. That move

to make next, Ilie could not decide at the moment, therefore he instructed the detective to find out who lived in the house where his son had gone and to report to him the next day at noon.

The next day the detective reported that a young woman about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age lived in that house. She had been married and her support came from a young man, whose father was a wealthy Roumanian. Her name was Margaret Schnitzler.

At about 1:00 P.M. young Sigur called at his father's hotel where they had a luncheon engagement. Before they went to the dining room young Sigur said: "Father, before you leave Vienna, I assume you will leave in a day or two, for Roumania, I wish you would leave me two thousand Gulden (a Gulden or Ducat was the equivalent of about fifty cents in United States money). I owe that much to various students for money borrowed and lost in foolish card games." Without giving any indication as to how his son's request for money affected him, Ilie told his son that it was time for lunch. During the luncheon Ilie asked his son what progress he has made in his studies and whether he had decided which one of the many professions he preferred to follow. Young Sigur told his father that he considered himself one of the best students in his class and that after graduating from that school he would prefer to enter a medical school. His ambition was to become a good surgeon. (The fact was that the Director of the

school gave Ilie an unfavorable report regarding his son's standing in the class). Luncheon being over, the two returned to Ilie's room. After a few moments Ilie said: "Son, you and I are leaving Vienna to-morrow. Go to your dormitory and pack all your things. It is now 2:30 P.M. At four o'clock I shall call for you. Before you leave the school we shall call on the Director and settle the account to date, and from the students from whom you borrowed money, give me a list of their names and the amount of money you owe to each and when we reach home you will mail bank-drafts to all".

After listening to his father's instructions the young fellow could not utter a syllable. He almost fainted. All he could say was: "Why, father?" But Ilie had made up his mind to rescue his son from a youthful escapade and he was fully resolved on that step. Young Sigur knew that his father's decision could not possibly be over-ruled and to defy him was out of the question, therefore without saying a single word to any one, not even to his inamorata, he obeyed his father and the next day they were both on the way to Roumania.

When they reached home, Ilie had a confidential talk with his wife and about three weeks later they were all bound for the United States. After landing in New York they rested about one week and made preparations for their journey to San Francisco where Ilie had a brother who had emigrated some years previous.

After arriving in San Francisco, and in a fatherly fashion, Ilie told his son all that he had learned about him while he was a student in Vienna. Nevertheless, if he was sincere in his decision to become a surgeon he would give him another chance. Young Sigur assured his father that he was certain in his own mind that he wanted to become a surgeon. In about seven years, at the age of about twenty-six years Ivan was a full fledged physician and surgeon. For some years he was quite successful. He married when thirty years old and has two children, one son and one daughter. Shortly after the collapse of the stock market in 1929 his wife died and ever since he has had great difficulty in obtaining sufficient income from his medical practice to secure at least the necessities of life for himself and his two children. He is competent in his profession, industrious, and free from vices. His few remaining patients cannot afford to pay him, and his children can secure no remunerative work. They are both taking commercial courses in night schools.

Ghica Vladimirescu was born in Braila, Roumania. When he was about six years of age, he asked his father to buy a violin in order that he might learn to play that instrument. It seems that Ghica was a lover of music. His father, however, refused to yield to the youngster's entreaties upon the ground that he did not want a gypsy in the family. Now it is true that most musicians, especially the good ones, in Roumania were at one time mostly gypsies, and therefore, it was not in accordance with social custom for a white boy to study music and to play any musical instrument. Girls on the other hand, particularly of the wealthier class, might be instructed to play the piano, but a boy's career was destined for more unaesthetic vocations. Not having been able to persuade his father to change his mind, the youngster continued his studies in a private school until he reached the age of about seventeen years, when, taking advantage of his father's absence, he closed his books and left the school for good. Thereupon he enlisted in the army with the express understanding that he was to be attached to any regiment's musical band in order to become a musician.

But Ghica being too ignorant and with no experience whatsoever in worldly matters, he learned too late that an army musical band had neither string nor piano musical instruments; therefore, he had to learn to play the next best musical instrument which,

according to the musical band's conductor, was a clarinet. Not many months elapsed before the new musical recruit mastered that instrument. Indeed, the band's conductor was so pleased with his pupil that the former gave the latter the privilege of his own home, where most of the music was written for the respective musical instruments from a score. (The art of printing music was not in full use at that time). And when the conductor was certain that his new pupil was acquainted with the ranges of every musical instrument, the former often gave the baton to the latter to lead the band.

For about two and one half years Ghica was a musician in an army musical band in Roumania, and during most of that time his father tried his utmost to dissuade him from continuing such an unprofitable as well as socially despised vocation, but the son continued with his career on the grounds that he could not secure his discharge.

At this time, a new angle developed. Ghica's mother divorced his father, married again, and shortly thereafter emigrated to the United States and established themselves in New York. For about fifteen years Ghica had not heard from his mother and one day a letter was delivered to him from her wherein she wrote to the effect that she would provide him with all the necessary transportation if he will ask for his discharge from the army musical band and come to the United States where he could become almost anything

he desired. After consulting with his father regarding the contents of his mother's letter, father and son agreed that it would be best for the latter's future to accept his mother's offer. Accordingly, after considerable effort Ghica was discharged from the army, and in the year 1891 he emigrated to the United States.

Ghica, when he arrived in the United States spoke Roumanian, French and German fluently, but hardly a word of the English language. Nevertheless, he applied himself industriously to the study of English, and after about one year in the United States he not only could speak and write that language well, but he passed a rigid examination before the Board of Regents of the State of New York and secured a certificate certifying that he was capable of registering as a law student in any university in the state of New York. Thereafter he did matriculate at a university, and after studying two years (the required period of study for a license to practise law), he was graduated with the degree of L.L.B.

But Ghica was too ambitious. He was not quite content with being a lawyer--he wanted to be a medico-legal expert. Therefore, he had to begin the study of medicine, in order to obtain the degree of M.D. Accordingly, he began to study medicine, and after four years the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him. Then it dawned upon him that as a medico-legal expert he would not be able to earn enough to keep the proverbial wolf away from his door. He thus engaged in the practice of medicine exclusively.

But to his great regret, he had no liking whatever for this profession, and after practising about seven years he abandoned it. For sometime thereafter he tried his hand at writing, but the environment around him then was against him and he lacked the will power to change his environment. Following this, he wrote comments on the decisions of the courts of last resort of the forty-eight states for about two years, and for the last twenty-five years he has been engaged in the practice of law. To be honest about it, Chica must confess that he not only does not shine as a lawyer, but he sometimes does not know how to keep the "wolves" away from his door. His opinion is that parents should ascertain what a child likes to become in the complicated conditions of human society, and to yield to his yearning.

Romania

John was born in Besserabia. His family were grain merchants. He received a high school education, which he says was about the equivalent of finishing the first year or two of a college course in the United States.

He went into the Army when he was eighteen years old as a private, and worked himself up to a lieutenancy. He says that in the old Russian Army it was a common thing for high school graduates to rise from the ranks, as they were comparatively few and besides, had had the advantage of military training in school.

Just before the Russo-Japanese War, he resigned. He says it was partly to escape the war, and partly because he was tired of the army life and wanted to travel. His family was wealthy so he did not have to depend on the Army for a living.

He travelled for a year in Europe and the United States. Upon returning home he went into the grain business with a brother. He stayed there several years, but he had been very pleased with the United States and finally decided to go the States to live.

As he intended to continue in the grain business he located in a grain-producing state, Minnesota. He stayed there, except for a six months' visit to Russia, until 1912 and then moved to Oakland, California. Here he started a grocery store, running it until 1932, when he went broke. He had a good deal of his money invested in stocks, and lost it during the first part of the depression. He is

working on the S.E.R.A. now.

He has never married.

He is a small dark wiry looking man of about sixty-five. He is intelligent and seems to keep well informed on current topics. He says he reads a good deal.

He would not want to be in Besserabia under present conditions, but if it had not been taken away from Russia, he thinks he would like to go back.

He does not think that coming to America has made much change in him in culture, viewpoint, etc. He says his mode of life, aside from a few minor changes in food, etc. and the fact that he has been separated from his relatives, has been pretty much the same.

Miss Nicoluescu was born in Bucurest, the Capital of Roumania, which is a beautiful city. One long shopping street, known as Calea Victoriei extends from the Chaussee to the river. The Palace and two big hotels are situated on that street. There are numerous shops, which flaunt superfluities at profitable prices.

Some of the Roumanians who live in the larger cities are rich and love to dawdle in the hotels and cafes at noon and afternoon drinking "Tuica" and lounging--men and women alike--against the plate-glass windows, which reflect both their own profiles and the silhouettes of passers-by. Street cabs roll smoothly here on rubber tires, and the coachmen resplendent in blue velvet and scarlet sashes have a regal appearance. Life is childishly simple. They wake late in the morning, and stroll towards the Chaussée at twelve.

Bucarest has several parks, two are pretty and one alone is fashionable. This latter is the Chaussée, a sort of "Champs Elysées" but it leads out into the open country instead of towards a Bois. Here lead all roads where motors travel, and here, towards evening end all Roumanian "perfect days", for the whole population of the town drives or strolls in the sunset.

The hotels are primitive for a country which inclines instinctively towards display of luxury.

The house in which Miss Nicoluescu dwelt was very comfortable and they had two servants. She belonged to a family who enjoyed a

good reputation. Her father was a highly intellectual man. He was a newspaper writer, and her mother was also an educated lady. Both of them tried to give their six children (two girls and four boys) a good education. Her mother spent all of her time guiding and teaching them the meaning of honor, morality, cooperation as well as to see clearly the real interests and results of their deeds.

She (Miss Nicoluescu) was the oldest of the girls. On her twelfth birthday her dear father died suddenly, and soon their troubles began. The money the father left dwindled away quickly. Her mother, who was brought up in luxury, and during her marriage also had more than the necessary daily needs faced the situation discouragingly.

After a few years of struggle and despair, the informant's oldest brother (Gluica) went to the United States. He remained in New York, where he got a position in a bank as foreign correspondent. Depriving himself of almost everything he saved up enough money to send a ticket for his sister.

Arriving in New York she met with nothing but reverses. She could not get an office position as she expected to do before leaving for the United States, nor any other suitable position. She therefore had to take a maid's job, which made her feel somewhat inferior in her own estimation. For several years she worked as hard as she could, going also to night school, and having saved up some money she came out to San Francisco, hoping to ameliorate her situa-

tion. But to her great regret she met only with disappointments until last year, 1933, when she got a position as secretary with the C.W.A. and when that was discontinued she was transferred to another Federal position.

Last time I saw her she exclaimed: I can't tell you how happy I am at present, and the cause of it is that I do the work I love to do. I am content and contentment is the basis of happiness.

X was born in Caracatu, Roumania of middle class people. His father was in the police force. He says he remembers little of importance that happened before his eighth year. He went to private schools until he was sixteen. Then he came to New Orleans with friends. He made his way to California and is now working as a cook.

His wife was born in Poesti of Hungarian and Roumanian parents. Her father was a foundry worker. From her mother and in school she learned needle work. Always fond of housework, she came here as a housemaid. Nothing can induce her to go back as she likes it here very much. She is insisting that things are better and as she talks you hear often her remark, "I don't know; who knows."

The pair are planning to visit Roumania soon. The parents are no longer living, but brothers and sisters that did not want to come here are still there.

The boys in Roumania are not so interested in sports as they are here. Gymnastics is about the only sport. There is not much recreation there as studies during school terms take up almost all of the free hours. Girls are very industrious. Often you see spinning wheels busily at work. All is hand work. The girls do very much embroidery in color. Black, red, yellow and many bright colors are used to make necessary clothing. All is

made out of linen and embroidered. They start on their trousseau when about six years old. All their work is greatly treasured. Even the linens for men's shirts are embroidered in color.

In the city of Buzen, Roumania, there dwelt a family whose members were envied by everyone who knew them. There were many good and sufficient reasons for envying them, but two of them were outstanding. The first reason was the fact that the head of that family, Mr. Michael K. was a successful business man, and the second reason was the acknowledged good character and super-intelligence of every member of that family.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. K., two sons and two daughters. One of the sons, after finishing a Lyceum course (some fifty years ago, a Lyceum course in Roumania was equivalent to a high school plus two years of a University course, in the United States), was sent to Munich, Germany, to study the art of portraiture; the other son was employed in his father's business which was known as an apothecary.

The older daughter was given in marriage to one of her father's employees who occupied the position of book-keeper and cashier; with that marriage went a large dowry. Shortly after the marriage, the young couple decided to establish themselves in a similar business to that of the young bride's father in another city. They selected for their future residence and business activity, a city known as Galatz and in due time they departed. Between the date of the young couple's marriage and the date of the opening of their own business establishment, some ten months el-

apsed. Being a new establishment amongst many older ones, the couple had dissipated their entire dowry and they appealed to the bride's father for more financial assistance. This the latter readily granted. But the longer the young couple remained in business, the worse became their financial condition.

One day the young husband told his wife that she must again appeal to her father for financial assistance and this she declined to do. Thereupon the husband gave his wife a terrible beating and threatened to leave her. Being a woman of refinement and good sense, and knowing the stigma that people would attach to herself, as well as the great grief that would befall upon her parents in the event that her husband left her, she yielded; and again, for the fourth time, appealed to her father for money. This process of beating his wife and threatening to leave her continued about three years. When the last appeal was made, the father confessed to his daughter and to his son-in-law that he could no longer advance any money, for the reason that the heavy advances he had made to them exhausted his credit and virtually made him a bankrupt. The very next day the young son-in-law disappeared.

Being grief-stricken at the turn matters took, the daughter told her father the reasons for her several appeals to him, and left everything to his own judgment. There was nothing else for the father to do than to close up the establishment and take his daughter back. But Mr. K. was indeed a bankrupt and not long af-

ter he took back his daughter and her one child, the creditors closed his business and a bankruptcy court disposed of it. Thus, after a successful business career during a period of about thirty years, Mr. K. and his family were faced by abject poverty, and aside from the poverty, that once envied family were grief and panic stricken from shame and humiliation.

To remain in Buzen and struggle with poverty as well as face old acquaintances and friends, was out of the question. Therefore, after a family consultation which included a step-brother of Mr. K.'s, it was decided that they should try to secure the necessary funds for their emigration to the United States. At that meeting Mr. K.'s step-brother promised to secure for them the required sum. In about six weeks, the entire K. family left their birthplace and native country for the friendly shores and melting pot of this entire planet Earth, namely, the United States of America.

When they landed in the United States all of Mr. K.'s children were of age, and the youngest daughter was about twenty years of age. The son who was a student at one of the Munich art schools, joined them at Berlin; he was twenty-five years of age. The younger son was twenty-two years of age.

Shortly after arriving in the United States they all sought and secured some kind of employment. Mr. C. became a peddler. After residing and working in New York City about one year the younger son went to Seattle where, in a very short time, he suc-

ceeded in establishing a furniture business which proved successful from the very beginning. The elder son who had some talent as a portrait painter went to Hollywood and in a short time, secured employment as a scenic painter in one of the movie studios. With both sons in the West, Mr. and Mrs. K. did not feel very contented in New York City, and having saved some money, Mr. K. decided to move to California. After conveying the information to his two sons of his decision, the elder son suggested to his father to locate in San Francisco where he intended to join the family.

Painting scenery, he admitted, was not to his liking, and therefore decided to quit. In San Francisco both father and son engaged in the business of manufacturing neckties. The business prospered until the year 1929.

Early in the year 1929, Mr. K. passed away, and, due to the depression, the younger K. had to liquidate the business. However, all of the members of that family were contented and happy ever since they came to the United States.

Mr. K. left surviving him, his wife, the two sons and four grandchildren. Two of the grandchildren, a son and daughter of the more or less artistic son graduated as architects, and today well established in their profession.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MULLER

John Muller, a native of Bucharest, Roumania, was an only son of a widowed mother. His education was superlative, to say the least. He not only had a thorough academic education, but he could also speak and write, fluently, six languages beside his own native Roumanian language.

At the age of twenty-four, he became a clerk in one of the largest banks of Bucharest and in the course of about two years he rose to the position of head of the department of Foreign Exchange.

The last World War, however, caught him as it were, in its grip; that is to say, he was drafted into the Roumanian army, despite the fact that he was the only son as well as the sole breadwinner of his widowed mother.

In due time, he was sent to one of the trenches where he lay, mostly in mud and well nigh starvation, for eight months. During that time he contracted various physical ailments, but chiefly a chronic one of indigestion. He could retain absolutely nothing of any food that he ate, and eventually became almost a corpse.

Having given up hope of either release from the trench or medical relief, he began to scheme how to escape from his predicament. He decided to desert the army. He could not, however, make up his mind how or by what means he might escape. After consider-

able mental speculation, he decided to take a chance and attempt to fraternize with some of the Russian soldiers, who occupied an opposite trench. By means of tobacco and various rations of food which he pilfered from some of his comrades, he succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good graces of a Russian Captain. It was not long before he found himself within Russian territory and also with a Russian Captain's uniform on his back. Thenceforward, although his movements through territory were slow, yet he succeeded, after about six months, in reaching Vladivostok. His chief aid, of course, was the fact that he spoke the Russian language fluently. He also had various credentials forged, of course, with which his Russian benefactor provided him.

From Vladivostok he hitched-hiked to Harbin, and after many months walking and travelling through he secured passage upon a freighter bound for the United States.

In 1916 he landed in the United States at San Francisco, sick, penniless and friendless. But one of Muller's type and background, both educationally and socially, immediately found himself surrounded by many friends, all of whom were of his own nationality.

For a period of about three months he was provided with all the necessaries of life, and some measure of entertainment, and to all appearances he had fully recovered. Thenceforward, the question confronted his friends what occupation he should embark

upon. It was out of the question for him to do heavy physical labor on account of his delicate health. Each friend proposed a different occupation until one of them suggested the securing of advice from a lawyer, a Roumanian by birth, who had not heard of Muller.

After consulting with the lawyer, the latter inquired into John Muller's business experiences in the past which led him to conclude that his client might secure a position in a bank. Thereupon the lawyer gave Muller a letter of introduction to the manager of a large San Francisco Bank, and the very next day he was at work as one of the many assistants in the Foreign Exchange Department.

Muller's salary was only ninety dollars per month the first year; the second year the bank paid him ninety-five dollars per month. During his second year with the bank, the latter acquired a new bank in one of the large Eastern cities, and the very manager who had given him employment was transferred to manage it. Thereupon Muller asked to be transferred also to the Eastern branch, and his request was granted. His salary with the bank in the East was one hundred five dollars per month.

After about six months with the Eastern bank, another bank in that city offered Muller the chief clerkship of its Foreign Exchange Department at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. Needless to say, Muller immediately took up his new position, and for

a period of two years held it with entire satisfaction to his employers as well as himself.

For reasons which will never be known, however, Muller's trench ailment began to recur, and despite the proper medical care and attention, he succumbed on account of a spontaneous attack of acute indigestion.

While an employee with a large salary he had himself well insured for the benefit of his mother, who survived him and who is still residing in Roumania.

John Muller had fully intended to bring his mother to the United States, but in the words of one of our wise ancestors, "Man proposes and God disposes," or words to that effect.

John Lupescu, age forty-one, married, and the father of three children, left his native country Roumania in 1910 and emigrated to the United States.

At first he settled in New York, but on the account of an infection of the throat, he was advised to go to California. Having saved some money while working at his trade as a tailor, he was able to take his family with him. In due time they arrived in San Francisco.

Tailoring was not Lupescu's original occupation. He acquired that trade in New York. Before emigrating to the United States, he was a merchant on a small scale. After spending some time trying to secure a job in any kind of a mercantile establishment he was unsuccessful because of his inability to speak the English language. Therefore he paid an established tailor a specified sum to teach him the tailoring trade as well as the business end of it. In about one year he was able to take a customer's measure, cut the cloth, do some sewing, especially on coats, and fit the garments. When the suits were finished not only were the customers well satisfied, but he himself had a certain degree of pride. In other words, he tried his utmost ingenuity to become a master of the tailoring business.

With that equipment and a small amount of money after arriving in San Francisco, he decided to open a small store and shop

of his own.

The first year Lupescu struggled hard to get a foothold, but he had no contracts. One day it was necessary for him to secure some papers of identification for transmissal to Roumania, where one of his uncles had left him a small legacy. After making some inquiries he was advised to consult a lawyer and he was directed to one of the most prominent ones in San Francisco.

He called at the lawyer's office and before the interview ended the latter asked him: "Who made that suit of clothes you have on?" Lupescu's answer naturally was "I made it myself. I am a tailor."

Shortly thereafter the lawyer and two of his associates called upon Lupescu for a suit of clothes for each one. It was not not after the suits were delivered to the three lawyers that Lupescu began to feel that his success was assured. Within one year he had enlarged both his store and shop and instead of employing only two or three workmen he had to employ a dozen.

In 1917, his only son, who was handling the bookkeeping of Lupescu's tailoring business was drafted into the army and shortly afterwards was sent to France with the first contingent. Some three months thereafter Lupescu received notice to the effect that Michael Lupescu, age twenty-four, was killed in an automobile accident. Thenceforward Lupescu lost all interest in his tailor-

ing enterprise as well as even his life. For about one year his wife and one of his daughters did their utmost to keep up the prosperous tailor shop and they also engaged more or less competent assistance, but neither of them understood the art of tailoring, nor did the assistants whom they had hired. Therefore they lost the best customers and they were about to quit entirely.

Fate and fortune, however, seemed to favor Lupescu. The constant care and devotion bestowed upon hom by his other daughter brought him to an almost normal state of health. He was atleast freed from the almost daily recurrence of a lasting melancholy. Hence, he gradually began to again take an interest in his business, and by keeping himself constantly occupied with one or another of the many phases and details of his business he fully recuperated. From time to time he sent circulars to his former customers, making many personal calls, and in due time he not only saved his business, but he succeeded in regaining most of his customers.

In 1925 both of Lupescu's daughters were married, one to a lawyer and the other to a merchant. To each of his daughters he gave a wedding gift of five thousand dollars. In 1929, however, another sad event happened in Lupescu's life. First, his son-in-law, the merchant, left his wife and two children in destitute circumstances for parts unknown, and the day before he disappeared he had assigned his business to the Board of Trade for the bene-

[illegible] lse as well as even his life. For some one year his wife and one of his daughters did their utmost to keep up the pretensions that for many and they also engaged there a large country residence, for neither of them understood the art of ba-[illegible]

[illegible] they lost the best customers and they were soon to pull similarly.

He's sad tourage, however, seemed to have a power. The constant care and devotion bestowed upon him by his other daughter overall his to an almost normal state of health. It was obvious freed from the almost daily recurrence of a heating, mainteinly. ance, he gradually began to assist in an interest in life thai-mess, and by keeping himself constantly occupied with one or another of his many plans and hobbies of his business he really re-covered. From time to time he used climbed in his former customers, making many personal calls, and in this way he not on-ly saved his business, but he succeeded in regaining some of his customers.

In long book of Jaggers's customers were married, one to a lawyer and one other to a merchant. To each of his daughters he gave a wedding gift of five thousand dollars. In life, however, misery and event happened in Jaggers's life. Then, his son-in-law, the merchant, left his wife and two children in desolate circumstances for parts unknown, and the day before he disappeared he had assigned his business to the count of which the been-

fit of his creditors. Secondly, his other son-in-law, the lawyer, had a stroke of paralysis and Lupescu had to provide the means of living for that family of five.

It was impossible for Lupescu from 1929 and thereafter to supply all the money required by practically three families; therefore, after consulting his wife, he decided to rent a large house where they all could live together and manage somehow. After all were established in the new home, the lawyer passed away within two months.

Having done an extensive credit business, Lupescu gradually discovered that most of his customers were financially unable to pay their bills and new paying customers became scarcer as the days and weeks and months passed. Finally, not being himself able to meet his financial obligations, he was obliged to turn his business over to the Board of Trade for the benefit of his creditors.

But Lupescu had nine mouths to feed and to shelter, and to provide with the other necessities of life. How to do so and how to secure the necessary amount of money for the purpose, became his chief problem. He began calling upon every merchant tailor for any sort of work they might be in need of or care to engage him for, but there was no opening nor any chance of there being one. Gradually Lupescu lost all interest in life and became despondent. His wife and two daughters, however, managed to se-

lack of his scruples. Secondly, his other son-in-law, the lawyer, had a records of providing the Jackson men to provide the means of living for their family of five.

It was impossible for Jackson's two men and overseers to supply all the money required by personally these families; however, also insufficient for only, to enable to keep a large house where they all could live together and enjoy another. Hence the six were some fellows in the new home, the larger income only to their two families.

Having done an extensive social business, Jackson successfully discovered that most of his overseers were financially unable to pay their bills and for paying customers. Jackson answer as the days and weeks and months passed. Finally, not being himself able to meet his financial obligations, he was obliged to turn his business over to the court of Jackson for the benefit of his creditors.

Mr. Jackson had nine months to live and to work, and to provide with the other necessities of life. Now to do so and how to secure the necessary funds of money for the purpose, became his chief problem. A begin selling upon every personal welfare for any debt or work, they a lot be in need of or case to engage him for, but there was no opening for any chance of being one. Suddenly Jackson lost all interest in life and became despondent. His wife and two daughters, however, managed to se-

cure a few necessities of life and also borrowed money through a charitable organization and in the course of time both daughters engaged in a small millinery business that became famous for its artistic ladies' millinery. Having inherited from their father artistic tendencies, the two daughters not only developed them, but they also capitalized their ingenuity. In other words, their business became profitable far beyond their expectations. After being in business only about three years they bought the home in which they lived, sent their father and mother on a long pleasure trip, and were able to hire two maids in their home, one to take care of the children, and one to be the housekeeper and cook.

It is perhaps needless to add that no charitable organization is refused a subscription by Lupescu's two daughters.

Ivan Sigur, fifty-two years old, was born in the city of Braila, Roumania, shortly after the surrender of the fortified city of Plevna by the Turkish to the Russian army in 1878. His father, Ilie Sigur, was a dragoman by profession, meaning in the English language an interpreter, having mastered ten languages before he was twenty-five years of age.

There was only one place at that time, where one could learn so many different languages, and that was around Egypt and the Red Sea during the building of the Suez Canal. People from all nations, especially workingmen, flocked to that part of the world, because those who could secure work, and very few could not, were well paid. Some were small tradesmen, and among them was Ilie Sigur.

After accumulating some money Ilie decided to return to Roumania on the account of a raging eye disease, known to this day as trachoma. This disease is chiefly caused by the sand that is carried long distances by the desert winds from Africa blowing towards the north-eastern portion of that continent and also by the extreme heat prevailing there. At any rate, when he returned to his home in Roumania, Ilie Sigur found a male heir who was named after his father, Ivan. He did not remain long in his home, however, for he was employed by the Russian Government to act as interpreter for the general staff of its army which

was then waging war against the Turks.

As soon as hostilities ceased, Ilie Sigur was discharged, and he again returned to his native city and country.

From the age of about seven years to his fifteenth year, Ivan was kept in the best schools that money could procure for him to enter, but thereafter there was no school to which he could be sent in that city.

After consulting various teachers, Ilie was advised to send his son to either Crakow or Vienna. Both cities were then in the country known as Austria-Hungary, but the former city was inhabited mostly by Polish people, whereas the latter city was predominently German.

Roumanians of that time were very friendly towards Germans, but not at all towards Polish people, so therefore, Ilie decided to personally take his son to Vienna.

In Vienna Ivan was placed in a school where students were provided with board and lodging and such educational instruction as would thoroughly prepare one for a university.

From about the middle of the nineteenth century to the beginning of the last war, the World War, life in Vienna was unlike that of any other city on this planet. In the first place, everyone who could at all afford it, and very few could not, literally and figuratively, lived what we in the United States might call the "highlife." With its beautiful natural environ-

ments, its charming and graceful women, its enchanting music, its thoroughly Bohemian and cosmopolitan atmosphere, its care-free people, Vienna was a veritable heaven on earth. In this whirlwind, so to speak, Ivan was left to take care of himself as best he could. He was only about eighteen years of age when he found himself attached to a Viennese beauty who practically enslaved him to her heart's content and to his own undoing.

To Ivan, money was a great necessity in order to entertain his innamorata as well as provide her with all the luxuries and pleasures she craved; therefore he wrote to his father very often for money, giving all sorts of reasons for needing it, but never the true facts. In time however, his father suspected that something was wrong, and he decided to journey to Vienna to make a personal investigation.

Ilie Sigur, as soon as he reached Vienna, called at his son's school and his inquiry revealed the information that his son had not been seen for several days and no one could give him any clue as to where he might be found. The only thing he could do was to abide his time and watch the entrance to the school. Two days later about twelve o'clock noon, Ilie's watchfulness was rewarded.

While standing in the courtyard and talking to one of his son's schoolmates, he noticed his son at a distance of about one hundred feet walking leisurely towards the entrance of one of the

dormitories.

As soon as his son had crossed the threshold of the door through which he had entered, Ilie Sigur asked the young man with whom he was engaged in a conversation, who lived within the dormitory to which he pointed. The answer was about fifty students, among them being Ivan Sigur. Thereupon Ilie asked the young man if he would mind showing him his son's room, and without a second's hesitation, the latter did so. At the door, before entering, Ilie thanked the young man, and they parted. Immediately after, no one being about in the hall, Ilie gave one short knock on the door, and without waiting for the usual "Entree!" (come in!), was within the room with the closed door behind him. He went up to his where his son was standing, who felt almost shocked, and extended his hand, saying: "Son, I have come to pay you a visit. I have been called to an important business engagement that requires my personal presence." The only thing which the son could say was "Father, I am happy that you have come, and I hope that you business call will prove profitable." Nothing more was said by either until they heard the sound of a bell. Ilie asked his son why the bell rang at that time of day, and he was informed that it was lunch-time. At that Ilie asked his son to join him for lunch at any restaurant he wished to go. The son however had made other engagements, and he said: "Father dear, not today. I made an

appointment for to-day's luncheon sometime ago with a few of my schoolmates and it would be dishonorable for me not to appear. But I shall dine with you at the Kaisehoff Hotel at eight o' clock and shall remain with you just two hours, for at ten o' clock I must be back in the dormitory". Ilie betrayed no sign of displeasure, but on the contrary, he wished his son a pleasant time and departed.

After leaving his son, Ilie called on a private detective agency and procured the services of one of its men. His instructions to the detective were to follow his son after leaving the Kaisehoff Hotel and as soon as he had made certain where his son went to return to the hotel and report to him. The detective was given detailed information where father and son would be sitting in the lobby of the hotel from about nine P.M. on, and prior to the son's departure the detective was to obtain, by himself, a full description of young Sigur.

At about 9:50 P.M., the two Sigurs shook hands and each went his way, the father to his room and the son into the street. In front of the hotel young Sigur took a cab and the detective took the next one. Little dreaming that he was being pursued, in about fifteen minutes, young Sigur's cab stopped in front of a small house, paid the coachman and dismissed him. The detective made certain of the number of the house and immediately returned to the Kaiserhoff Hotel and reported to Ilie. What move

appointment for to-day's luncheon somewhere and with a few of my schoolmates and it would be dangerous for me not to appear. But I small time with you at the Lindbergh house at eight o' clock and small remain when you just two hours, for at ten o' clock I must be back in the dormitory. Like between to eight of disappearance, and on the contrary, he wished his son's present time and decided.

After leaving his son, Lile ordered a private detective agency and procured the services of one of its men. The instructions to the detective were to follow the son wherever the Kalamoff hotel and as soon as he had made certain where the son went to return to the hotel and report to him. The detective was given described in detail the Lindbergh and son would be sitting in the lobby of the hotel from about nine o'clock, and point to the son's companion the detective was to follow, by himself, a full description of young Lindbergh.

It about 8:30 A.M., the two stepped across the hotel lobby, the former to the front the son and the detective in front of the hotel young Lindbergh and the detective took the next one. Little knowing that he was being followed, [illegible] a small house, paid the driver and dismissed him. The detective made certain of the number of the house and returned to the hotel immediately to call reporter to life. [illegible]

to make next, Ilie could not decide at the moment, therefore he instructed the detective to find out who lived in the house where his son had gone and to report to him the next day at noon.

The next day the detective reported that a young woman about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age lived in that house. She had been married and her support came from a young man, whose father was a wealthy Roumanian. Her name was Margaret Schnitzler.

At about 1:00 P.M. young Sigur called at his father's hotel where they had a luncheon engagement. Before they went to the dining room young Sigur said: "Father, before you leave Vienna, I assume you will leave in a day or two, for Roumania, I wish you would leave me two thousand Gulden (a Gulden or Ducat was the equivalent of about fifty cents in United States money). I owe that much to various students for money borrowed and lost in foolish card games." Without giving any indication as to how his son's request for money affected him, Ilie told his son that it was time for lunch. During the luncheon Ilie asked his son what progress he has made in his studies and whether he had decided which one of the many professions he preferred to follow. Young Sigur told his father that he considered himself one of the best students in his class and that after graduating from that school he would prefer to enter a medical school. His ambition was to become a good surgeon. (The fact was that the Director of the

school gave Ilie an unfavorable report regarding his son's standing in the class). Luncheon being over, the two returned to Ilie's room. After a few moments Ilie said: "Son, you and I are leaving Vienna to-morrow. Go to your dormitory and pack all your things. It is now 2:30 P.M. At four o'clock I shall call for you. Before you leave the school we shall call on the Director and settle the account to date, and from the students from whom you borrowed money, give me a list of their names and the amount of money you owe to each and when we reach home you will mail bank-drafts to all".

After listening to his father's instructions the young fellow could not utter a syllable. He almost fainted. All he could say was: "Why, father?" But Ilie had made up his mind to rescue his son from a youthful escapade and he was fully resolved on that step. Young Sigur knew that his father's decision could not possibly be over-ruled and to defy him was out of the question, therefore without saying a single word to any one, not even to his inamorata, he obeyed his father and the next day they were both on the way to Roumania.

When they reached home, Ilie had a confidential talk with his wife and about three weeks later they were all bound for the United States. After landing in New York they rested about one week and made preparations for their journey to San Francisco where Ilie had a brother who had emigrated some years previous.

After arriving in San Francisco, and in a fatherly fashion, Ilie told his son all that he had learned about him while he was a student in Vienna. Nevertheless, if he was sincere in his decision to become a surgeon he would give him another chance. Young Sigur assured his father that he was certain in his own mind that he wanted to become a surgeon. In about seven years, at the age of about twenty-six years Ivan was a full fledged physician and surgeon. For some years he was quite successful. He married when thirty years old and has two children, one son and one daughter. Shortly after the collapse of the stock market in 1929 his wife died and ever since he has had great difficulty in obtaining sufficient income from his medical practice to secure at least the necessities of life for himself and his two children. He is competent in his profession, industrious, and free from vices. His few remaining patients cannot afford to pay him, and his children can secure no remunerative work. They are both taking commercial courses in night schools.

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[illegible]
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Ghica Vladimirescu was born in Braila, Roumania. When he was about six years of age, he asked his father to buy a violin in order that he might learn to play that instrument. It seems that Ghica was a lover of music. His father, however, refused to yield to the youngster's entreaties upon the ground that he did not want a gypsy in the family. Now it is true that most musicians, especially the good ones, in Roumania were at one time mostly gypsies, and therefore, it was not in accordance with social custom for a white boy to study music and to play any musical instrument. Girls on the other hand, particularly of the wealthier class, might be instructed to play the piano, but a boy's career was destined for more unaesthetic vocations. Not having been able to persuade his father to change his mind, the youngster continued his studies in a private school until he reached the age of about seventeen years, when, taking advantage of his father's absence, he closed his books and left the school for good. Thereupon he enlisted in the army with the express understanding that he was to be attached to any regiment's musical band in order to become a musician.

But Ghica being too ignorant and with no experience whatsoever in worldly matters, he learned too late that an Army musical band had neither string nor piano musical instruments; therefore, he had to learn to play the next best musical instrument which,

[illegible]

according to the musical band's conductor, was a clarinet. Not many months elapsed before the new musical recruit mastered that instrument. Indeed, the band's conductor was so pleased with his pupil that the former gave the latter the privilege of his own home, where most of the music was written for the respective musical instruments from a score. (The art of printing music was not in full use at that time). And when the conductor was certain that his new pupil was acquainted with the ranges of every musical instrument, the former often gave the baton to the latter to lead the band.

For about two and one half years Ghica was a musician in an army musical band in Roumania, and during most of that time his father tried his utmost to dissuade him from continuing such an unprofitable as well as socially despised vocation, but the son continued with his carser on the grounds that he could not secure his discharge.

At this time, a new angle developed. Ghica's mother divorced his father, married again, and shortly thereafter emigrated to the United States and established themselves in New York. For about fifteen years Ghica had not heard from his mother and one day a letter was delivered to him from her wherein she wrote to the effect that she would provide him with all the necessary transportation if he will ask for his discharge from the army musical band and come to the United States where he could become almost anything

ccording to the musical band a conductor, and a director. [illegible] many months elapsed before the new musical [illegible] it seemed that instrument. Indeed, the band's conductor was so pleased with his pupil that the former gave the latter the privilege of his own home, where most of the music was written for the respective musical instruments from a score. (The art of printing music was not [illegible]) that the new pupil was [illegible] the music of every musical instrument, the former [illegible] the band.

For about two and one half years [illegible] band in [illegible], but during most of this time the teacher urged his pupil to discontinue [illegible] continuing such [illegible] as well as [illegible], and the [illegible] continued with his career on the grounds that he could not secure his livelihood.

At this time, a [illegible] his father, [illegible] fifteen years [illegible] feel that he would provide him [illegible] the necessary [illegible] tion if he [illegible]

he desired. After consulting with his father regarding the contents of his mother's letter, father and son agreed that it would be best for the latter's future to accept his mother's offer. Accordingly, after considerable effort Ghica was discharged from the army, and in the year 1891 he emigrated to the United States.

Ghica, when he arrived in the United States spoke Roumanian, French and German fluently, but hardly a word of the English language. Nevertheless, he applied himself industriously to the study of English, and after about one year in the United States he not only could speak and write that language well, but he passed a rigid examination before the Board of Regents of the State of New York and secured a certificate certifying that he was capable of registering as a law student in any university in the state of New York. Thereafter he did matriculate at a university, and after studying two years (the required period of study for a license to practise law), he was graduated with the degree of L.L.B.

But Ghica was too ambitious. He was not quite content with being a lawyer--he wanted to be a medico-legal expert. Therefore, he had to begin the study of medicine, in order to obtain the degree of M.D. Accordingly, he began to study medicine, and after four years the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him. Then it dawned upon him that as a medico-legal expert he would not be able to earn enough to keep the proverbial wolf away from his door. He thus engaged in the practice of medicine exclusively.

But to his great regret, he had no liking whatever for this profession, and after practising about seven years he abandoned it. For sometime thereafter he tried his hand at writing, but the environment around him then was against him and he lacked the will power to change his environment. Following this, he wrote comments on the decisions of the courts of last resort of the forty-eight states for about two years, and for the last twenty-five years he has been engaged in the practice of law. To be honest about it, Ghica must confess that he not only does not shine as a lawyer, but he sometimes does not know how to keep the "wolves" away from his door. His opinion is that parents should ascertain what a child likes to become in the complicated conditions of human society, and to yield to his yearning.

I was born in Piatra-olti, Rumania, and went to private schools. My grand-parents lived in Craiova and every vacation I went there. The house on the strada Mihel was near the parcul Bibescu, one of the nicest place outside Sinai in the East. Not far from Craiova I had one uncle in Orsova and I often went there as I had fun watching the custom officers on duty. Well school there is, I think, the same as a boarding school here. We had fun in our own way even though we only could stay outside four hours with permission. Very few times my parents or my uncle did drive up to see me. Well,when I was fifteen I could converse in French as well as a Frenchman. We have French from ten years and study German also from about the age of twelve, but I can't manage that.

I think everybody wants to go to Paris in my part of the country, everybody who has enough banis. We had a store and I was twice with my parents in Bucarest. It is called Little Paris, but I did not like it. I was good in figures and so I went to work in the bank (being what you call a teller here) for two years and met very few strangers, as you know only salesmen or artists and a few engineers are here and no tourists.

When I had served six years in military service I went to Paris in a store where the proprietor was a friend of ours and stayed there until 1923. I went home in May as my father died,

and I settled my affairs. Then I left with my mother for Paris. We decided to try our luck in America, as we had sold out and understood you could make good business in America. When we arrived in New York we were as ignorant as could be and so we did stay at what you call the bowery, I think. Soon we found a few Roumanians and the ins and outs about keeping a store. After a couple of months we were near Third and Canal Streets, having a little store with men's furnishings--sort of a haberdashery.

Everything went fine, but when I lost my mother, I felt rather lonesome and sold out and had everything ready to go to California. Well it was strange for me to move, but I thought I would forget quicker, as I could not very well manage all alone. In San Francisco I had nothing but bad luck. First I went into partnership with a lady and lost out the better part of my money as she left me flat with bills to pay, which I had long been thinking had been paid. Well, I opened up another store and had a haberdashery down Market Street. I ran across another woman and it was I that paid dearly for that. I had her in the shop and to make the story short she went off with a customer and as much cash as was left as she had this planned and got away with it.

I am a single man now and think that I will soon move to the East again as I just made the discovery that I have no more cash to start here and the few belongings I own will carry me to

New York. I should say depression and women hit me hard here. You see I never did know that here it goes up and down, but certainly I am not down yet. I just learned my lesson. I think in about four months I will have everything settled here and I find only one way out if I don't want to taste the worst here. It was a big surprise to me to see the United States in a depression. In small stores I think you see the customers dwindle first. I thought never to see miseries here as only old Europe is known for near pauper state and everybody in Europe is looking upon the United States as the country with the most money circulating.

As long as a person has cash, the whole world is only a small city and everyone can move wherever one likes to shift. I have not come in touch with many Roumanians here (in San Francisco). Over in New York there are more and in Paris you find them all year round.

Yes, I did once take out first papers here, but when business became bad, I let it go. I see, with money you can get everything everywhere except peace. I think a fellow of my age ought to marry and many a sorrow would never appear. I trust times for everybody here will change soon because I think it is about time for a little sunshine for all things in this world. I have nothing to complain about--everything here is but on a gambling table. One can take it or leave it.

A.C. was born in 1901 in the city of Braila, Roumania. Her father was Roumanian and her mother a Turk who became a Christian upon her marriage. Her father was a government official of the province. A's life was spent in the official society of which her father and mother were leaders. When she was about ten years old she begged her father to let her accompany him on his travels. She travelled extensively through the old kingdom of Roumania. Much of the travelling was done on horseback or in rude peasant carts. She, therefore, at an early age absorbed the wealth of folk-lore of the Roumanian countryside.

She knows all the folk customs and their history and the reason they exist. She knows the correct ways to embroider and cross-stitch the peasant embroideries. She started at the age of fifteen to collect folk-songs and she has an amazing collection.

At the age of sixteen she was sent to Paris to complete her education. She studied French language, literature and music. For three years she remained in Paris, all during the exciting days of the armistice and peace negotiations.

When she returned to Roumania, it was to a greater Roumania. She continued her studies of folk customs and music and travelled throughout Bessarabia and Transylvania. In 1926 she married an aviator in the Roumanian army. Not long after, because of some trouble with his superior officers, he resigned his commission

and left the country. He went first to Constantinople where he soon fell in with a company of Jewish merchants and he accompanied them as advisor and secretary to India and China.

In Shanghai he felt that his life was wrong and that he should build anew. So he sent for his wife and together they sailed for America, landing in San Francisco in July 1929. They soon found themselves in dire straits. They could not contact anyone whom they considered of their class. They had no one of any education or culture with whom to talk. They had no money for theatres or books or music, and they even had scarcely enough to eat. In desperation, A. appealed to the Y.W.C.A., with the work of which she was familiar through her contacts with it in Roumania. They gave her a chance to organize classes in folk dancing and also a market for her peasant embroideries.

In 1931 her husband obtained a job as a mechanic in the Ford plant in Oakland. He has worked himself up to a fine position, because of his knowledge of aeroplane engines. After two years of hard work by both of them, they were able to buy a home in Oakland and to raise their financial conditions to a level of security.

A. still does colorful embroideries in her spare time which she sells to a shop in town. She also gives concerts and presentations of folk dancing for clubs and private parties. She has a stunning collection of Roumanian costumes. Once a year, at the

and into the country. He went there to vote something where he soon fell in with a company of social democrats and he accompanied them as advisor and secretary to India and China.

In Shanghai he felt that his life was wrong and that he should write a new. So he came for his wife and together they sailed for America, landing in San Francisco in July 1924. They soon found themselves in the ghetto. They could not convert anyone from their socialism or their ideas. They had no use or any connection or contact with them so left. They had to work for theatres or books or music, and they even had somewhat enough to eat. In desperation, A. M. went to the L.L.L., which is name of which she was familiar through her contacts with it in Germany. They gave her a chance to organize classes in folk dancing and also a center for her peasant emancipation.

In 1931 her husband contracted a job as a laborer in the rubber plant in Oakland. He has worked himself up to a line foreman, because of his knowledge of several languages. After two years of hard work by both of them, they were able to buy a home in Oakland and to raise their financial conditions to a level of security.

Still does editorial work literally in her spare time which she sells to a shop in town. She also gives concerts and produces of folk material for clubs and private parties. She has a remarkable collection of Russian costumes. Once a poet, she has

Roumanian ball she wears one of these costumes, and sings the songs of her country. Both she and her husband have become American citizens and are grateful to this country for a new life. They have one child, a girl of four. It is the wish of the parents that she may be a good American and yet love the country of her ancestry. Already she can dance the old country dances and sing some of the simpler folk songs.

Jacob Mathias was one of the handsomest men in Roumania. His birthplace was in the city of Bucharest. His father was a church deacon and he had a number of children.

When Jacob was twenty-five years of age, he was appointed a telegraph operator and assigned to one of the government's offices. This was an unusual honor (sixty or more years ago) for one of Jacob's age. As a telegraph operator in one of the government's offices he had to wear a uniform and cap with much gold-braid.

It may be that psychologists know the reason why many of the human female sex crave the companionship of men who wear uniforms and caps with gold-braid, or even only with brass buttons, but even Jacob Mathias admits that they do. At any rate, after he donned the uniform with gold-braid and secured practically a life position, a few daughters of wealthy families and some others whose families were not so rich but just comfortable, were sending matchmakers to him. But Jacob had an eye for, in fact, he became infatuated with, a married lady about his own age, who was also one of the Roumanian beauties.

In Roumania the winters are long and the days are short, and life for the idle, or almost idle, humans, is rather monotonous. Therefore, during the winter months hardly a week passes without one or two masquerade balls where the elite re-

gale themselves with "wine, women (or men), and song." Dancing is merely a side recreation for the lover, or would-be lover, during which they make appointments for clandestine meetings. At all the masquerade balls may be found many of the rich and some government functionaries and such other who belong to neither class yet by some chance secure invitations and tickets for admission.

Jacob, being a government functionary, could secure entree to any one of the many masquerade balls, and also secure tickets for a friend. To one of them Jacob contrived to invite the married lady who had often seen him pass her house. When passing the house, which was usually at a definite time of the day, if Jacob saw the lady at a window, he would raise his official cap, which was trimmed with a wide gold-braid, by way of greeting her. Needless to say that must have pleased the lady for she often bowed her head low in recognition of Jacob's greeting. We do not know what excuse the lady gave to her husband for absenting herself from home that evening, but, according to Jacob's information, the lady did appear at the ball fully masked. At the ball she recognized her newly found friend by the costume he wore, a description of which was contained in the invitation he had contrived to place in her possession.

There is an old proverb in Roumania to the effect that, if a breakable vessel is used often enough, it will somehow

break after a certain length of time. And so it was with the unnamed lady's erstwhile happy home. That is to say, the oftener she met Jacob, the more enamored she became of him and vice versa, and in due time she and her husband separated. That event cost Jacob his government position, as the lady's husband filed charges against him with the government. In due time, also, the lady's husband secured a divorce and the custody of their one child. Not long after the divorce, the government discharged Jacob from his, practically, life-job.

As soon as he was discharged by the government, Jacob married the divorcee and together they emigrated to the United States and settled in New York city.

In Roumania the telegraph system was, in Jacob's day, and for all that the writer knows to the contrary, still is, a government monopoly. Therefore, having been discharged by reason of moral terpitude, Jacob not being capable of earning a living for himself and his wife by means of his profession, to say nothing of the disgrace he deliberately brought upon his own near and dear (parents, brothers, sisters, friends, etc.) he had to leave the country.

In the United States Jacob had to familiarize himself with the English language. (He had a smattering knowledge of it before leaving Roumania.

As soon as he did so, a Roumanian, who had befriended him

and who was long a resident in New York city, succeeded in securing for him a position with the Elevated Railroad System of that city as a ticket seller and also a telegraph operator. Jacob's weekly wages at the beginning were nominal, for the reason that he only worked extra shifts, sometimes two or three days a week, but after about one year he secured a permanent night shift. The steady night shift made it possible for Jacob and his frugal wife to establish a nice hom for themselves.

For ten long years Jacob stuck to that position, the hours of which were from 7:00 P.M. until 7:00 A.M. and feeling that he could not endure it any longer, and having saved up about two thousand dollars, he first resigned, and then told his wife, that he had decided to establish himself in some business in California. He also told her that he selected San Francisco as their next place of residence. After disposing of such articles as could not be readily and profitably shipped to California, they left New York City.

Not having been a merchant, or knowing anything about mercantile matters, Jacob could not make up what business to engage in after he reached California, and his savings were disappearing fast. After a heart to heart talk with his wife, the latter suggested to him to forget business and apply for a position with one of the telegraph companies. After revolving the matter in his own head for about a week, he did apply for a posi-

tion with a local telegraph company, and being an expert telegraph operator, as well as possessing first class credentials, he did not lose much time before he was engaged.

Jacob remained with the telegraph company until he reached the age of sixty-five years, and then he was retired on half pay.

Some individuals who know, or at any rate, think that they know, say that musicians are born, but never, or seldom made. Of course, it depends upon how one would define the word musician. Beethoven was a musician; but so also is designated one who can blow into a musical instrument or pound a piano. And yet what a vast difference between the two; in fact, one can hardly be excused for comparing the two "musicians".

Be that as it may, however, there is no doubt that George Lupescu was born a musician, and at the age of eight year he used to beg his father to buy him a violin. But his father was a more or less prosperous merchant in a small village mostly inhabited by gypsies, many of whom were ekeing out an existence by means of their screetching violins. Therefore, whenever George would implore his father to procure for him a violin, the latter used to say: "Son, there will be no gypsy in my family. Forget it." But, although a period of about sixty years elapsed since, George neither forgot about it, nor in his heart, forgave his father for it.

Besides the fact that most musicians were gypsies in Lupescu's native country Roumania, there was also a sort of social ostracism existant for any white male who took lessons in music. The males in a family were trained so that they could

carry on their father's trade or profession. In other words, geniuses, even though born such, were not at all encouraged. Therefore, our subject of this biography had to study subjects in which he was not at all interested.

It is a trite saying that a horse can be led to a trough but it cannot be made to drink, and so Lupescu, although he went to school regularly, absorbed very little of the many subjects he was taught. A time came when he could no longer inhale the atmosphere of a schoolroom, and one day he decided to disappear. But where to go, and what to do he had no conception until something took place that gave him an idea.

In Roumania, as perhaps in other countries, an army regiment has a full musical band attached to it. One day a regiment was passing through the town where Lupescu lived and while the train on which the regiment was entrained was at the station awaiting orders to proceed, the band was playing marches, waltzes and other musical compositions. After the band ceased playing and the train started to move, the idea came to George Lupescu to join that regiment's musical band. One day George walked the six kilometers to the next town where that regiment was transported to occupy the army post.

The Kapelmeisters (directors, or leaders) of army musical bands in Roumania were always eager to recruit young boys, because they became good musicans. The average mature and raw

recruit who was assigned to the musical band was well nigh impossible to train. Moreover, by the time the mature recruit was taught to play a musical instrument more or less satisfactorily, his term of compulsory military service was nearly at an end, but the youngsters who voluntarily enrolled in the army musical bands were invariably intelligent and quick to learn. Therefore, when George Lupescu presented himself for voluntary service in the army band, he was enrolled instantly.

After being accepted and enrolled and dressed in a uniform, Lupescu discovered that an army musical band had neither violins nor any other kind of string instruments, not even pianos. After discussing the matter with the band leader, Lupescu told him that he wanted to quit and return home, but the band leader said to the new recruit: "You can neither quit nor return home. You are now a full fledged soldier, and you must obey orders. My order is that you shall study either the clarinet or the flute. Choose either instrument as you have no other alternative." Two days later our George Lupescu was blowing into a clarinet with all his strength. In less than six months Lupescu was a good clarinet player.

Having discovered that Lupescu had talent for music, the leader of the musical band assigned him to copy the notes of a musical band score, for each instrument. There was at that time only one printed score for an entire band or orchestra,

and the music for the various instruments had to be copied from the score for each instrument. This became Lupescu's daily occupation, in addition to playing in the band occasionally.

For about two years he stuck to his soldierly duty; but it wasn't the career he was anxious for. He wanted to be a composer of music and a first class violin or piano player. The clarinet was not the music instrument he cared to play, nor did he relish his other function, namely to copy from a score the notes for the various band instruments. Therefore, while he was visiting his home town on a short furlough, he confided in his father that soldier or no soldier, he had made up his mind to leave Roumania and go to America. At the same time he asked his father whether he could and would spare him enough money for the trip. The money was promised to him providing he himself would devise ways and means of crossing the border from Roumania into Galicia, which latter province was under the suzerainity of Austria-Hungary.

Before leaving, his father have him one hundred franks, and also a letter addressed to one of his friends and business associates who lived in Krakau, a town in Galicia. The letter was a request that a certain sum should be advanced to his son, George Lupescu, as soon as he reached that city. The elder Lupescu admonished his son to take good care of that letter as

well as have it well hidden in his clothing and as soon as he was ready to entrain for Berlin, to send a certain code telegram, the words of which the former handed to the latter, unsigned.

To cover a distance of about two hundred miles, it took George five days and many anxious moments, to say nothing of some bribe money which he had payed to a smuggler before he crossed the border between Roumania and Galicia. But he finally crossed the border, as well as escaped all hazards. Thereafter he was free to travel by means of a false passport.

In due time George reached New York City where he soon found many Roumanians, most of whom were ever anon ready and willing to help a new Roumanian immigrant. After resting a few days from the long journey (he was fifteen days on the "fast" steamer between Bremen and New York), he was "apprenticed" to a cap-maker, and in six weeks he learned the trade. He worked at that trade for about one year and in addition to the money he had left from the amount his father's friend and business associate of Krakau gave him, he had a total of about four hundred dollars.

While living in New York City he became acquainted with a man about two years older than himself, and the two decided to go to California where the "gold fever" had not fully abated. They landed in San Francisco, after travelling for weeks under a covered wagon, but they could not see any gold anywhere, ex-

cept in banks, or around a roulette wheel, or upon the bar of a saloon. They asked where they might pick up some gold, and they were told to take a pick and shovel and look for it somewhere in the mountains. They finally gave up the idea of picking gold in the streets, and they opened a small book and stationery store. They were successful from the very beginning until the earthquake and fire of 1906 completely destroyed it. The insurance company which covered their business did not pay up, and George Lupescu and his partner were well-nigh penniless.

In San Francisco George married and had two children, both sons. The sons are today struggling for an existence and their father and mother are subjects of charity. Ever since the 1906 catastrophe in San Francisco George could not rehabilitate himself, and he tried hard enough.

Carol Friedmann, a native of Roumania, sixty-two years of age, has lived in San Francisco about forty-two years. He emigrated to the United States shortly after the twentieth year in consequence of information he had derived from the studies while a student at a private school in the town of Ploesti, where he was born.

Two subjects interested him more than any other when he was not quite fifteen years of age, namely history and geography. The reason for this preference, he says, was the face that he was anxious to know in which one of the many countries one could grow up to become a man and enjoy the privileges of life and liberty without being harrassed by the government under which he then lived. In his native country he would have had to become a soldier, and eventually a nobody, unless he had been a member of a certain class and that meant the rich.

From his interest in the two subjects mentioned, he learned of many countries other than the United States, where one could as it were, live his own life; but, at that time European Steamship Companies were outbidding each other in the attempt to carry as many emigrants (most of whom travelled in the so-called steerage class), from the various European ports to the United States.

Shortly after attaining the age of eighteen years, Fried-

mann graduated from the private school and could continue to study only by going to Vienna or Berlin, but his father had not the means for that purpose. Therefore, he became a clerk in a grain brokerage house in a port city known as Braila. While thus employed he daily came in contact with officers of grain-carrying steamers from practically every port in the workd, a few of whom took quite a fancy to him.

One day he mentioned to one of the captains who was in command of an English ship of his great desire to leave Roumania for the United States, and the latter said: "I expect to be back in about two months, and, if you then still have the desire to emigrate, and if you will be ready to sail with my ship, I shall take you as far as Liverpool. At that port, I shall secure for you passage to New York through some one of my many friends who are in command of steamers plying between those two cities". Friedmann thanked the captain heartily, and said that he would be ready to sail when the latter returned.

Friedmann, of course, had to convey the information of his intention to Roumania to his parents, for, unlike in this day and age, young men, at any rate, the great majority of them had much respect for their parents' feelings at that time. Hence, instead of writing to them, he told his employer that he wanted to visit his parents during some forthcoming holidays, and he was given leave of absence for one week.

After reaching home Friedmann did not broach the subject for which he made the journey, but gave some valid excuse for it. The next day, however, when he was alone with his mother, he told her the real reason for his visit. His mother, of course, instantly shed tears, but she never uttered a word that might have intimated to her son to change his mind. All she said was that he should tell his father, who perhaps knew best what would be for his benefit in the future.

The very same day he went to this father's place of business, and, finding the latter unengaged, he immediately told him the object of his journey. After listening to his son's intention and the reasons for it, the father said: "My son, I rather expected that the time would come when you would be dissatisfied with the political and social conditions in this country; therefore, I am not at all surprised at what you told me, and since it would be your duty to present yourself to the army authorities for conscription, I am rather glad that you thought about the matter and made your decision. All that I am able to wish you is good luck to your future in the new country and when you will be ready to leave I shall try to spare you a small sum of money."

Six weeks later Friedmann was on a steamer bound for Liverpool, the captain who had made him the promise returning sooner than he had anticipated.

After resolving him, Mahmud did not broach the subject of which he made the journey, but gave some vague excuse for it. The next day, however, when he was alone with the mother, he told her the real reason for the visit. The woman, of course, instantly had tears, but she never ventured a word that might have induced to her son to change his mind. All she said was that he should tell his father, who always knew what was best for his children in the future.

The very same day he went to this father's house on business, and, finding the latter unengaged, he immediately told him the object of his journey. After listening to his son's intention and his reasons for it, the father said: "My son, I rather approved of the time you in some ways would be disappointed with certain conditions in this country; moreover, I am not at all convinced of what you told me, and since it would be your duty to return [illegible] to the city [illegible]

[illegible]

I do really to leave a small boy to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]

pool, the [illegible] had made from the [illegible] [illegible] when he [illegible].

Two days after reaching Liverpool the captain secured passage for Friedmann on a steamer bound for New York. While crossing the Atlantic Friedmann made the acquaintance of a young man, older than himself whose home was in California, and the latter described that state in such glowing terms that the former decided they should make the journey together. But when they went to a railroad ticket office in New York City to purchase tickets for California, Friedmann discovered that the money he still had was not sufficient to purchase a ticket for even half the distance between New York City and San Francisco. Instantly his companion sensed Friedmann's predicament and taking him aside, the former said: "If you are short of money do not hesitate to tell me, for I can secure as much money as I want by means of a letter of credit I carry. I am sure that you will repay me the money after you will be in California a little while. Of course, Friedmann had become attached to the young man as they continually discussed many subjects in a language they both spoke fluently, namely German; hence the former did not hesitate to confide in the latter of his insufficient means. After tickets were bought they spent three days in New York City, and then they were on their way.

When they reached San Francisco the young man (the real Californian of a long since past age), took Carol to his own home, and introduced him to his parents and a sister about sixteen years

Two days later [illegible] Liverpool ale [illegible] second passage for Richmond on a steamer bound for New York. While crossing the Atlantic Richmond made the acquaintance of a young man, older than himself whose home was in California, and the latter described that state in such glowing terms that the former decided they should make the journey together. And when they went to a railroad ticket office in New York city to purchase tickets for California, Richmond discovered that the money in [illegible] was not sufficient to warrant a ticket for both. [illegible] distance between New York city and San Francisco. Immediately his companion learned Richmond's predicament and [illegible] from [illegible], the latter said: "[illegible] alone [illegible] do not hesitate to take, for [illegible] are [illegible] as [illegible] of credit [illegible]. I am [illegible] that, on [illegible] the money after you will be in California a [illegible]." Of course, Richmond had become attached to his young man as they continually [illegible] [illegible] in a [illegible] [illegible]; [illegible] who [illegible] did not [illegible] to [illegible] the letter of his [illegible] friends [illegible]. After [illegible] they [illegible] New York city, and when they [illegible] [illegible].

Now they resolved [illegible] San Francisco the young man [illegible] California of a [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] to [illegible] own home, and introduced him to his parents and a sister about eighteen years

years of age. He was asked to remain with them as a guest until he was rested from the long journey and decided upon some plan for the future. Of course, Friedmann, for lack of money, was constrained to accept the invitation with many hearty thanks.

Two days later Friedmann learned that his host was in the grain business, and that his son was his associate. Bi-annually the son went to Liverpool to discuss, with their associates located in that city, matters pertaining to the grain business.

During their trip from Liverpool to San Francisco, Friedmann had mentioned to the young man that he had been a clerk in a grain bookerage office in Roumania.

One day the young man said to his father: "Friedmann is a nice chap and I am very fond of him. Why not give him a chance in our own office?" Thereupon his father said: "I, too, am fond of him, and so is mother, but he speaks a very broken English." Then said the young man: "Father dear, Friedmann will speak a better English than either you or I in less than one year. In the meantime we can use him as a time-keeper." "O.K.", said the father to his son, "have your own way in the matter." In less than a week, Friedmann was asked to report for work. His weekly pay was fixed at twenty dollars, and he was to room and board with a family whose members were friends of his employers.

Like many other emigrants to the United States from Rouma-

nia, who had received a thorough fundamental education in their native country, especially a good knowledge of the German and French languages, it was easy for Friedmann to master the English language as well as adapt himself to any sort of agreeable work. Therefore in about eight months from the time he landed in the United States, by means of intensive reading of good English literature with the help of a good dictionary, Carol spoke a fairly good English, and he was transferred to the office where he was appointed cashier. Thenceforward Friedmann's progress was fast, and at the end of his first year with the firm he became one of the firm's buyers.

In the meantime the junior member of the firm treated him, not only as a friend, but made him his steady companion. They both like good literature; they both liked billiard and chess; they both enjoyed a good show; they both were very fond of music; and last, but not least, neither of them gambled nor drank. They were both continually absorbed in the grain business, and after business hours, either they engaged in intellectual pursuits or some innocent diversion once a week, and some weeks Friedmann had to appear for dinner at his employers' home. Other nights he would call on his junior employer after dinner. Thus matters continued to the satisfaction of all parties concerned for about three years when like lightening from the sky, the junior member confided in Friedmann that he was about to

marry the young lady whom he often met in their home. Friedmann, of course, could only do the obvious, that is, congratulate his friend and benefactor heartily, but at the same time, he felt as if something snapped in his heart. For after marrying he could not possibly have the junior employer as his companion. In fact, a day later, Friedmann said to his friend: "What will become of me after you are married?" After a few seconds of hesitation his friend said: "Carol, you marry my sister and you won't regret it." Two months later his junior employer was married, and four months later Friedmann married his employers' daughter and sister, respectively.

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